A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS

FOR

READING AND REPETITION.

Selected from the moſt celebrated BRITISH POETS,

And arranged in an ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

To which are annexed,

The DEATH of HECTOR,

AND

The REDEMPTION of his BODY,

Extracted from POPE's Tranſlation of HOMER's Iliad.

By JOHN DRUMMOND,

Teacher of ENGLISH in Edinburgh.

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To

The Right Honourable

LADY MARY HAY,

AND

LADY HENRIETTA CUNINGHAM;

The following Collection of Poems,

With the Extracts from Pope's Homer,

Are humbly inſcribed,

By their Ladyships

Moſt obedient,

Much obliged, and

Very humble ſervant,

JOHN DRUMMOND.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT has been often obſerved, by perſons of taſte and judgment, that thoſe who are accuſtomed to read only one ſpecies of poetry, frequently contract a monotony, and diſagreeable tone, or a diſlike to all other kinds of poetry.

It is owing to this, that many poetical compoſitions are either overlooked, or read with ſuch diffidence and impropriety, that the hearer is diſguſted, the performer diſſatisfied, and the ſenſe unregarded.

To remedy this defect, a collection of various kinds of poetry, on different ſubjects, appeared the moſt probable plan, and is accordingly offered to the public. As novelty gains attention, and attention diſpoſes to diligence; ſo variety will prevent a monotony, and brevity, tediouſneſs and impatience.

The whole is arranged under articles in an alphabetical order; the ſentence as nearly agreeing with the article by which it is denominated, as poſſible; which renders an index unneceſſary. Such ſentences as ſtrike the fancy, or are ſuitable to the capacity of the learner, I would have committed to memory, and repeated ſlowly, articulately, and diſtinctly, in the preſence

of their inſtructors, of their fellow-ſtudents, or of thoſe for whom they have a veneration and eſteem. As there is a certain reverence for one's audience, which fires the imagination, and excites a more vigorous application, this exerciſe will be ſo far advantageous. It will not only ſtrengthen the memory, and enable them to acquire an exact pronunciation; but alſo to conquer that heſitation of ſpeech, very common to young people; to remove that ſimple downcaſt look, which is often interpreted meanneſs of ſpirit, want of education, or of proper encouragement; and may aſſiſt them in attaining that unaffected addreſs, which is equally remote from impudent effrontery, and clowniſh baſhfulneſs.

This exerciſe, too, may greatly tend to check that juvenile propenſity of bearing away in one promiſcuous heap, nouns, pronouns, verbs, moods, and tenſes; or of joining two or three ſyllables (that never met before) into ſome word of mighty import, as it often happens in the rapidity of youthful eloquence.

As a happy thought is eaſier remembered in verſe than in proſe, and deſcriptions of human life are more ſtriking, when poetically expreſſed; this practice may tend to enlighten the head, by increaſing their knowledge, and mend the heart, by enlarging their ſentiments. For, as poetry

ennobles every language, and furniſhes our tongue with the greateſt variety of words and phraſes on every occaſion, ſo it increaſes our ideas, and conſequently our knowledge.

Were the epithets in poetry more carefully attended to, would we hear the ſame word applied to ſo many different purpoſes? as *vaſtly ſweet* and *vaſtly ſour*; *vaſtly obliged* and *vaſtly offended*; *vaſtly glad* and *vaſtly ſorry*; or, that Mrs R——'s dog was *vaſtly pretty*, becauſe *vaſtly little*; with many other words equally perverted with the adjective *vaſt*, and its adverb *vaſtly*.

It is not queſtioned but many will remember ſentences in Britiſh poets, equally beautiful with thoſe here ſelected. This much, however, I beg leave to ſay, that many articles were recommended by gentlemen, who are ornaments to literature, an honour to their country, and to human nature. This I mention, not only in juſtice and gratitude to them, but alſo to apologize for omitting, in the firſt part of this collection, to name the authors from whom the ſentences are taken; as many remembered the paſſage, who had forgot the author. This juſtice is done in the ſecond part, which, among many other articles, contains moſt of the pieces that were read

by Mr Sheridan at his public lectures in Edinburgh.

With regard to the extracts from Mr Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad; the deſign of the editor was, to exhibit in epitome ſome of the principal characters, of the moſt material incidents and affecting tranſactions in that poem. He was excited to this, in order to gratify the curioſity and requeſt of many young people, — from obſerving the pleaſure they took in reading thoſe paſſages, their fondneſs for repeating them in character, and the agreeable effect this had both on themſelves and their auditors.

The propriety of the arrangement, and the tendency of ſuch an exerciſe to promote the improvement of youth, is ſubmitted to the determination of the attentive, the candid, and the judicious.

POEMS

FOR

READING and REPETITION.

PART I.

ADVICE.

WHEN things go ill, each fool preſumes t'adviſe,
And if more happy, thinks himſelf more wiſe;
All wretchedly deplore the preſent ſtate,
And that advice ſeems beſt which comes too late.

AFFLICTION.

AFfliction is the wholeſome ſoil of virtue:
Where patience, honour, ſweet humanity,
Calm fortitude take root, and ſtrongly flouriſh;
But proſperous fortune, that allures with pleaſure,
Dazzles with pomp, and undermines with flattery,
Poiſons the ſoil, and its beſt product kills.

AGE.

THE ſoul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made;

Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

AMBITION.

FRom thirſt of rule, what dire diſaſters flow?
How flames that guilt ambition taught to flow?
Wiſh gains on wiſh; deſire ſurmounts deſire;
Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire:
From crime to crime aſpires the madd'ning ſoul,
Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul:
Till heaven at length awakes, ſupremely juſt,
And levels all its tow'ring ſchemes in duſt.

——————Ambition! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable maſter! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart
Are the ſure portion of thy gaudy ſlaves?
Cruel condition! could the toiling hind,
The ſhivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain-ſhower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home;
Could he but read the ſtateſman's ſecret breaſt,
But ſee the horrors there, the wounds, the ſtabs
From furious paſſions and avenging guilt,
He would not change his rags and wretchedneſs
For gilded domes and greatneſs!

ANCESTOR.

MY Lord comes forward; forward let him come:
Ye vulgar, at your peril, give him room.
He ſtands for fame on his forefathers feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or diſcreet:
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave:
Men ſhould preſs forward in Fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look backward, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing —— but merit in a low eſtate.

Doſt thou not know, ſuperb, yet feeble man!
That the low inſect lurking in the graſs,
And the imperial eagle which aloft
Ploughs the etherial plain, are both alike
In the eternal eye? — Mortals are equal.
It is not birth, magnificence, or power,
But virtue only makes the difference 'tween them.

ANGELS *driven out of* HEAVEN.

SO ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance, too ſevere to be beheld!
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings,
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs

Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a num'rous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout;
All but the throne itſelf of God: full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues: they aſtoniſh'd, all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode,
Of thrones, and mighty ſeraphim proſtrate;
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide, tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-viſag'd four,
Diſtinct with eyes; and from the living wheels,
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Amongſt th'accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fallen.

ANGER.

HIS troubled looks reveal'd his inward wound,
And ſtorms of fury on his forehead frown'd;
Enormous rage diſtended every vein,
And all hell's furies o'er his face did reign;

Swoln with revenge his bloodſhot eyes did glare,
Like ruddy meteors blazing in the air.

With fiery eyes and with contracted brows,
He coin'd his face in the ſevereſt ſtamp,
And fury ſhook his fabric like an earthquake,
He heav'd for vent, and burſt like bellowing Ætna,
In ſounds ſcarce human.

ATHEISM.

THE fourth dire ſhape from mother Matter came,
Dulneſs her ſire, and Atheiſm her name;
In her no glimpſe of ſacred ſenſe appears,
Depriv'd of eyes, and deſtitute of ears:
And yet ſhe brandiſhes a thouſand tongues,
And blaſts the world with air-infected lungs:
Curs'd by her ſire her very words are wounds,
No grove re-echoes the deteſted ſounds.
Whate'er ſhe ſpeaks, all nature proves a lie;
The earth, the heavens, the ſtarry-ſpangled ſky,
Proclaim the wiſe eternal Deity.
The congregated waves in mountains driven,
Roar in grand chorus to the Lord of heaven!
Thro' ſkies ſerene the glorious thunders roll,
Loudly pronounce the God, and ſhake the ſounding pole.

ATHEIST FEMALE.

SInce Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd belle
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of hell;

And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all.
Who liſten leſs to Collins than St Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare : ſince nature's birth
Till now ſhe-Atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character in tim'rous things ?
Who ſtart at feathers, from an inſect fly,
A match for nothing but the Deity.

BATTLE.

BUT, O my muſe, what numbers wilt thou find,
To ſing the furious troops in battle join'd !
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous ſound
The victor ſhouts and dying groans confound ;
The dreadful burſt of cannon rend the ſkies,
And all the thunder of the battle riſe.
Twas then great Marlb'ro's mighty ſoul was prov'd,
That in the ſhock of charging hoſts, unmov'd,
Amidſt confuſion, horror, and deſpair,
Examin'd all the dreadful ſcenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death ſurvey'd,
To fainting ſquadrons ſent the timely aid ;
Inſpir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land ;
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt ;
And pleas'd th'Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.

BEASTS.

NAture to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe;
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force.
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in his own:
Is heaven unkind to man, and man alone?

BEAUTY.

WHat's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body charms becauſe the ſoul is ſeen.

Say why are beauties priz'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains?
That men may ſay when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue, as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old age away.

Who would not ſcorn what houſe-wife cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay Ogle, might become a ſaint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all muſt fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man muſt die a maid;
What then remains but well our power to uſe,
And keep good humour ſtill, whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail,
Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.

Hail ſacred ſource of heaven and earth!
From thee fair beauty takes her birth:
Whate'er in proſpect charms the eye,
From thee receives its pleaſing dye:
From thee Apollo gilds the ray
That uſhers in the new-born day:
From thee, the moon with borrow'd light
Supplies the ſilver lamp of night:
From thee fair Iris paints her bow,
Where all thy varied colours glow:
Form'd by thy hand, does nature ſpread
A flow'ry carpet o'er the mead:
From thee the face of earth is ſeen
Array'd in chearful robes of green:

What bloſſoms on the fragrant tree,
Derives th' impatient buds from thee:
What ſparkles in the diamond ſhows
The brighter fount from which it flows:
All that can pleaſe in earth or air,
Is but of thee a copy fair:
Thy beauty fills the world with light,
Which, without thee, would ſink in night.

RECEIPT *to make a* BEAUTY.

WHen Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found, far in a country-ſcene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients, firſt the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans'd from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquette, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

BLESSED.

O Bleſs'd with temper whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She who can own a ſiſter charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;

Who never anſwers till a huſband cools,
Or if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt when ſhe obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Diſdains all loſs of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or ſmall-pox, above them all,
And miſtreſs of herſelf tho' china fall.

BLISS.

THE bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of mind to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly:
Say what the uſe, were finer optics given;
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heaven;
Or touch if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting from his brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his open ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that heaven had left him ſtill
The whiſpering zephyr and the purling rill?

BOUNTY.

BUT come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,

Of all God's works, creative bounty burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt want. Nor till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait; your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working heaven, ſurpriſing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

BRITAIN.

O Native iſle! fair freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee my bounding pulſes beat:
At thought of thee my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No pow'r can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs with pious love the ſacred earth,
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When in the ſhade of laws that long have ſtood,
Propp'd by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood:
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain.

CARE.

WHat in this life which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run,
Where none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail:

'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the doe, out-fly the wind.

CENSURE.

O That the too cenſorious world would learn
This wholeſome rule, and with each other bear!
But man, as if a foe to his own ſpecies,
Takes pleaſure to report his neighbour's faults,
Judging with rigour every ſmall offence,
And prides himſelf in ſcandal. Few there are,
Who injur'd, take the part of the tranſgreſſor,
And plead his pardon, ere he deigns to aſk it.

CEREMONIAL.

"SIR, will you pleaſe to walk before?"
No, pray, Sir, —— you are next the door.
"Upon mine honour, I'll not ſtir!"
Sir, I'm at home; conſider, Sir.
"Excuſe me, Sir, I'll not go firſt."
Well, if I muſt be rude, I muſt;
But yet I wiſh I cou'd evade it;
'Tis ſtrangely clowniſh — be perſuaded, &c. &c.
— Go forward, cits, go forward, ſquires!
Nor ſcruple each what each admires.
Life ſquares not friends with your proceeding:
It flies while you diſplay your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or ſome old dancing-maſter teaches ——
O for ſome rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or at leaſt half mellow;

To come behind you unawares,
And fairly puſh you both down ſtairs!
But death's at hand —— let me adviſe ye,
Go forward, friends —— or he'll ſurpriſe ye:

CHARIOT *overturned.*

I'VE ſeen a beau in ſome ill-fated hour,
Whene'er the ſtone chok'd kennels ſwell the ſhow'r,
In gilded chariot loll; he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer!
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His pond'rous ſpokes thy painted wheels engage.
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragment know;
Black floods of mire, th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder to the nether world,
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

CHARITY.

GRaſp the whole world of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence;
Happier, as kinder in whate'er degree,
And height of bliſs but height of charity.

Charity, decent, modeſt, eaſy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with juſt reins and gentle hands to guide,
Between vile ſhame and arbitrary pride.
Not ſoon provok'd, ſhe eaſily forgives,
And much ſhe ſuffers as ſhe much believes;
Soft peace ſhe brings where-ever ſhe arrives;
She builds our quiet as ſhe forms our lives,
Lays the rough paths of peeviſh nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man beſtows,
His proper bound and due reſtriction knows;
To one fix'd pupoſe dedicates its pow'r,
And finiſhing its act, exiſts no more.
Thus, in obedience to what heaven decrees,
Knowledge ſhall fail and prophecy ſhall ceaſe.
But laſting charity's more ample ſway,
Nor bound by time nor ſubject to decay,
An happy triumph ſhall for ever live,
And endleſs good diffuſe, and endleſs praiſe receive.

CLEMENCY.

ON mere indifferent objects, common bounty
Will ſhower relief; but when our bittereſt foe
Lies ſunk, diſarm'd, and deſolate, then! then!
To feel the mercies of a pitying God,
To raiſe him from the duſt, and that beſt way
To triumph o'er him, is heroic goodneſs.

CLOWN.

A Clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground;
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on arts deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by learning in the mud.
His corn and cattle were his only care;
And his ſupreme delight a country-fair.
A quarter-ſtaff which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled, as he went, for want of thought.

COMMERCE.

THou pregnant commerce art the ſource of peace,
Parent of arts, and parent of increaſe;
By thy diffuſive ſtores all nations ſmile,
Thou art to every clime a ſecond Nile.

CONSCIENCE.

COnſcience, what art thou? thou tremendous pow'r,
Who doſt inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourſelves another ſelf,
A maſter ſelf, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the ſlave.
How doſt thou light a torch to diſtant deeds?
Make the paſt, preſent, and the future frown?

How, ever and anon, awake the ſoul,
As with a peal of thunder, to ſtrange horrors,
In this long reſtleſs dream, which idiots hug,
Nay, wiſe men flatter with the name of life?

CORRUPTION.

UNleſs corruption firſt deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born ſoul,
All rude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But ſoon as independence ſtoops the head,
To vice enſlav'd and vice-created wants;
Then to ſome foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
Their crawling luſts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing, undefended prize:
From man to man th' infectious ſoftneſs runs,
Till the whole ſtate unnerv'd in ſlavery ſinks.

COUNTRY.

HAil, ye ſoft ſeats! ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, ye vales and mazy woods!
Ye limpid floods, that ever murmuring flow!
Ye verdant meads where flow'rs eternal blow!
Ye ſhady vales where zephyrs ever play!
Ye woods where little warblers tune their lay!
Here grant me, heaven, to end my peaceful days,
And ſteal myſelf from life by ſlow decays;

With age unknown to pain or ſorrow bleſt,
To the dark grave retiring, as to reſt,
While gently with one ſigh this mortal frame,
Diſſolving, turns to aſhes, whence it came;
While my freed ſoul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown.

DANCING.

NOw ſoftly flow let Lydian meaſures move,
And breathe the pleaſing pangs of gentle love.
In ſwimming dance on airs ſoft billows float,
Soft heave your boſoms with the ſwelling note:
With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
Now ſunk with eaſe, with eaſe now lifted high;
Till lively geſture each fond care reveal,
That muſic can expreſs, or paſſion feel.

DEATH.

THE breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lonely bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening-care;
Nor children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envy'd kiſs to ſhare.

On the death of a FAVOURITE CAT *drowned in a t*
of GOLD FISHES.

'TWas on a lofty vaſe's ſide
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd,
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws;
The coat that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald tyes
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd: but midſt the tide
Two beauteous forms were ſeen to glide,
The genii of the ſtream;
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richeſt purple to the view,
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw
A whiſker firſt, and then a paw;
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulf between;
Malignant fate ſat by and ſmil'd,
The ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend;
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd:
Nor cruel Tom nor Suſan heard,
A fav'rite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold;
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that gliſters gold.

On the death of a DOVE, *deſigned to inſpire* CHILDREN *with tenderneſs.*

PROLOGUE.

BEhind an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their ſhade,
A widow turtle penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
But how ſhe did expreſs her wo,
Here's one for Turturel ſhall ſhow.

In the character of TURTURELLA.

Ah me! my joys, my hopes are fled;
My firſt, my only love is dead:
Stretch'd on the ground Columbo lies,
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Thoſe cheeks, where beauty ſmiling lay,
Thoſe eyes, which ſoften'd ev'ry ray.——
Ah cruel fate! juſt from my ſide,
He flutt'ring fell, and bled, and dy'd.
For him I in the grove complain,
Nor day, nor night, can eaſe my pain:
For him I weep, and mourn, regret,
Deſpair —— do all things but forget.
Diſtreſs'd for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo dead and gone.

—— *of a ſympathizing friend.*

I come, I come to ſhare thy wo,
The cauſe, alas! too well I know.
I ſaw Columbo flutt'ring die,
With writhed neck, and cloſed eye:
I curs'd the hand cou'd kill a dove,
So full of innocence and love.
The ſwan, the lark, and philomel,
All pity thee, poor Turturel!
The thruſh and blackbird too bemoan
Thy dear Columbo dead and gone:
Even Venus' ſelf, I ſee, appears,
Diſſolv'd in pity, grief, and tears.

——*of* VENUS.

I, tho' a goddeſs, cou'd not move
The ſavage heart, that kill'd thy love.
O! ſpare the innocent! I cry'd,
Spare mine, and Turturella's pride!
But deaf, alas! to all my cries,
His aim he took — Columbo dies:
The neck and eyes like burniſh'd gold,
'Midſt ſtreaming blood and duſt were roll'd.
Oppreſs'd with grief, I did deplore
Thy dear Columbo, now no more,
Sure, Turturella, hard's thy caſe,
And juſt thy tears, alas! alas!
Ah! lovely youths, let pity reign,
No more delight in giving pain:
'Tis cruel, ſure, their blood to ſpill,
Who can to thee, or none do ill.

DESIRE.

I Would be high, but that the cedar-tree
Is toſs'd by blaſts, while little ſhrubs go free.
I would be low, but that the humble graſs
Is trampled on by each unworthy aſs:
I would be high, my means will not allow;
I would be low, my mind won't to it bow.
Ah! heav'ns! ah fates! when will ye all agree
To reconcile my fate, my mind, and me?

DETRACTION.

THere is a luſt in man no chain can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame;
On eagles wings immortal ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Slander, the worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance in ignoble minds.

DISCORD.

DIſcord, dire ſiſter of the ſlaughtering power,
Small of her birth, but riſing ev'ry hour:
While ſcarce the ſkies her horrid head can bound,
She ſtalks on earth, and ſhakes the world around.
The nations bleed, where-e'er her ſteps ſhe turns,
The groan ſtill deepens, and the combat burns.

DOG.

WHen wiſe Ulyſſes from his native coaſt,
Long kept by wars, and long by tempeſt toſt,
Arriv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and even his queen, unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs;
In his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
Scorn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
The faithful dog alone his maſter knew!

Unfed, unhous'd, neglected on the clay,
Like an old ſervant, now caſhier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again;
Him, when he ſaw, — he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he cou'd, and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy; — then, falling by his ſide,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

DULNESS.

IN eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fates in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

— Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
The laſt kind refuge weary wit can find,
Fit for all ſtations and in each content,
Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd, it lives.

In clouded majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone;
Four guardian virtues round ſupport her throne:
Fierce champion, Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:

Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings this partake,
Who hunger and who thirſt for ſcribbling ſake:
Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th'approaching jail:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.

DYING *in* CHARACTER.

A Salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late,
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
Is there no hope? Alas!—then bring the jowl.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,"
(Were the laſt words which poor Narciſſa ſpoke);
"No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace,
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One would not, ſure, be frightful, when once dead,—
"And, Betty! give this cheek a little red."

"I give and I deviſe" (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir? "My money, Sir! what all?
"Why,—if I muſt,"—(then wept), "I give it Paul."
The manor, Sir? "The manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and dy'd.

The captive Cannibal oppreſs'd with chains,
Yet braves his foe, reviles, provokes, diſdains:

Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping croud ;
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.

When Blouſelind' expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell ;
The ſolemn death-watch click'd the hour ſhe dy'd,
And ſhrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd ;
The boding raven on her cottage ſat,
And with hoarſe croaking warn'd us of her fate ;
The lambkin, which her wonted 'tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains, that fatal inſtant, dead ;
Swarm'd on a rotten ſtick the bees I ſpy'd,
Which erſt I ſaw when goody Dobſon dy'd.
How ſhall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her dearling's bed her mother ſat ?
Theſe words the dying Blouſelinda ſpoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke.
Mother, quoth ſhe, let not the poultry need,
And give the gooſe wherewith to raiſe her breed,
Be theſe my ſiſter's care, — and ev'ry morn
Amidſt the ducklings let her ſcatter corn ;
The ſickly calf that's hous'd be ſure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die, — ſee, mother, yonder ſhelf,
There ſecretly I've hid my worldly pelf,
Twenty good ſhillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parſon's, for my ſermon paid.

The reſt is yours.—My ſpinning-wheel and rake,
Let Suſan keep for her dear ſiſter's ſake:
My new ſtraw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for ſhe's a damſel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harveſts try'd,
Be Grubbinol's; — this ſilver ring beſide,
Three ſilver pennies, and a ninepence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is ſent.
Thus ſpoke the maiden while the mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like th' harmleſs lambs, ſhe dy'd.

The DYING CHRISTIAN *to his* SOUL.

VItal ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, Oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh! the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark! they whiſper; angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

EARTHQUAKE.

A Sullen calm, unuſual, dark, and dead,
Ariſes inauſpicious o'er the heavens.
The beamleſs ſun looks wan; a ſighing cold
Winters the ſhadow'd air; the birds on high
Shrieking, give ſign of fearful change at hand:
And now within the boſom of the globe,
Where ſulphur ſtor'd, and nitre peaceful ſlept,
For ages in their ſubterranean bed,
Ferments th'approaching tempeſt, vap'ry ſteams,
Inflammable perhaps by winds ſublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply th'inkindled maſs,
Mine fir'd by mine in train with boundleſs rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, diſploded burſts
Its central priſon. — Shook from ſhore to ſhore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, foreſts, cities. The lone deſert quakes:
Her ſavage ſons houl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf, diſtant roarings, thro' the void profound,
Rueful are heard, as when deſpair complains.
Gather'd in air o'er that proud capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Caſting dun night, and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghaſt they ſtand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful ſkies around;
A moment's dreadful ſilence! Then loud ſcreams,

And eager ſupplications rend the ſkies,
Lo, crouds on crouds, in hurry'd ſtream along,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burſt in waves, by horror wing'd
To diſtant hill or cave: while half the globe
Her frame convulſive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with ſecond agony. Upheav'd
In ſurges her vex'd ſurface rolls a ſea.
Ruin enſues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof,
Cruſh'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total. — In that univerſal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thouſand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undiſtinguiſh'd wreck!
Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flaſhing pale flames — down thro' the gulfs profound,
Screaming whole crouds of ev'ry age and rank,
With hands rais'd high to heaven imploring aid,
Prone to th'abyſs deſcend; and o'er their heads
Earth ſhuts her ponderous jaws. Part loſt in night
Return no more: Part on the waſting wave,
Borne thro' the darkneſs of th'infernal world,
Far diſtant riſe emerging with the flood;
Pale as aſcending ghoſts caſt back to day,
A ſhuddering band! diſtraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionleſs: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and graſp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate

Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now earth's ſolid ſphere aſunder rent
With final diſſolution, the huge maſs
Fails undermin'd — down, down th'extenſive ſeat
Of this fair city, down her buildings ſink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
In one wild havock craſh'd, with burſt beyond
Heaven's loudeſt thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of nature's general frame deſtroy'd.
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purpoſes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the juſt,
O ſeemingly ſevere! promiſcuous fall.
Reaſon, whoſe daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, ſubdu'd
To ſilence and amazement, with due praiſe
Acknowledges th'Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wiſeſt, juſteſt, beſt!

ENVY.

ENvy will merit as its ſhade purſue,
But like a ſhadow prove the ſubſtance true;
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th'oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.

Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the graſs with ſickly ſweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the ſight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite.

In a dark grot the baneful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day:
Meagre, deform'd, and worn with ſpitèful woes,
And all the mis'ry human nature knows.
The chearful blood her livid eyes forſook,
And baſiliſks ſat brooding in her look.
A bald and bloated toad-ſtool rais'd her head,
And plumes of boding ravens were her bed.
From her chapp'd noſtrils ſcalding torrents fall,
And her ſunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcano's labour thus with inward pains,
While ſeas of melted ore lay waſte the plains.
Around the fiend, in hideous order, ſat
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate;
Gruff Diſcontent, through ignorance miſled,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head:
Reſtleſs Sedition, ſtill diſſembling fear,
And ſly Hypocriſy with pious leer.
Glouting with ſullen ſpite the fury ſhook
Her clotted locks, and blaſted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant ſcrolls,
Where fame the acts of demigods inrolls.
She blazons in dread ſmiles her hideous form;
So light'ning gilds the unrelentiug ſtorm.

EVENING.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea.
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds,
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The mopping owl does to the moon complain,
Of ſuch as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Now flames the weſtern ſun with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quiv'ring ſtreams;
Long flights of crows high-croaking from their food,
Now ſeek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender graſs with dewy cryſtal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath aſcends.

FAME.

FOR fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies,
Diſowning ev'ry crime for which he dies,
Of life profuſe, tenacious of a name,
Fearleſs of death, and yet afraid of ſhame.
Nature has wove into the human mind,
This anxious care of names we leave behind,
T'extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,
And give an earneſt of a life to come;
For, if when dead, we are but duſt or clay,
Why think of what poſterity ſhall ſay?

Her praiſe or cenſure cannot us concern,
Nor ever penetrate the ſilent urn.

A ſcanty fortune clips the wings of fame,
And checks the progreſs of a riſing name.
Why? Want's the ſcorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule.

FANCY.

FAncy! thou buſy offspring of the mind;
Thou roving, ranging rambler, unconfin'd;
Pleaſing, diſpleaſing, aping, marring, making;
Oft right for wrong, and wrong for right miſtaking.
Reſtleſs yourſelf; won't let poor me alone;
Thou ſomething, nothing, any thing in one!

Where-e'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some ſweet illuſion of the created mind.
Oft, wild of wing, ſhe calls the ſoul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove,
Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight-fairies tread the circled green;
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and valleys ſmile,
And ſpring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.

FATE.

HEaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate;

From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who cou'd ſuffer, being here below!
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh! blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven,
Who ſees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.

FILIAL PIETY.

HAve I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpleſs years,
Thy tenderneſs for me? an eye ſtill beam'd
With love? a brow that never knew a frown,
Nor a harſh word thy tongue? Shall I for theſe
Repay thy ſtooping venerable age
With ſhame, diſquiet, anguiſh, and diſhonour?
It muſt not be. —— Thou firſt of angels! come
Sweet filial Piety! and firm my breaſt!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate ſubmit,
Be nobly wretched, — but her father happy. —

FISHING, &c.

IN genial ſpring beneath the quivering ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

The patient fiſher's takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

FOLLY.

HEre on a ſofa of gooſe-feathers made,
Lo! half-ſupine luxurious Folly laid:
Powerful to lull the moſt enliven'd ſenſe,
This ſofa was the gift of Indolence:
Her little left eye twinkles to the light;
But open'd wide, and goggling is her right:
Down from her collar to her boſom bare,
Her bells hung pendant like a ſolitaire:
High o'er her ear, light waving to the gale,
She wore the plumage of a peacock's tail,
Which nodding o'er her round unmeaning face,
Gave to her front the French fantaſtic grace.
Full fat and fair ſhe waddles in her gate,
And liſps ſo pretty that ſhe loves to prate;
Her ears ſhe pricks up to herſelf to liſt,
And ſputters all her meaning in a miſt.

Wiſe in conceit ſhe ſeems, for all the while
Her face is dimpled with a fooliſh ſmile.
A painted fan her ſicklineſs declares,
Which waving gives the idiot goddeſs airs ;
She flirts it to a ſceptre of command,
And graſps an Engliſh Plautus in her hand.——
As round their queen the drones at evening creep,
And mix'd with murmur lull the hive to ſleep ;
So theſe the dame environ round and round,
And every booby ſends a hollow ſound ;
So ſtrong the ſavoury ſcent of ſupper draws,
They clamour univerſally applauſe.
And lo ! ten waiters dreſs'd like modern beaux,
In Folly's liv'ry, parti-colour'd cloaths,
Prompt at her whiſtle, a large table ſpread,
Produce vaſt voiders, and a load of bread ;
Three butts of beer which Parſons had ſupply'd,
They brought in well-tann'd jacks of good cow-hide :
Then ſmok'd the ſolid ſupper on the board,
Such as Van Hogan Mogan might afford ;
Beneath a cover firſt came ſtore of fiſh,
A jowl of cod, chubbs, gudgeons in a diſh ;
White damping puddings, tripe in butter fry'd,
Fat chitterlings and gooſe on every ſide ;
Stern at the bottom grinn'd ſtill breathing dread ;
The briſtly horrors of a huge hog's head.

FOWLING.

WIth ſlaughtering guns th'unwearied fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves,

Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade,
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
Strait, a ſhort thunder rends the frozen ſky :
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death :
Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * *

WHen recent in the womb I lay,
Ere yet my life began,
Thy care preſerv'd the ſleeping clay,
And form'd it into man.

Oh ! may this frame that riſing grew
Beneath thy plaſtic hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy will commands.

The ſoul that moves this earthly load,
Thy ſemblance let it bear ;
Nor looſe the traces of the God,
Who ſtamp'd his image there.

FRIENDSHIP.

TEll me, ye knowing and diſcerning few,
Where I may find a friend that's firm and true :

Who dares ſtand by me, when in deep diſtreſs,
And then his love and friendſhip moſt expreſs:
Who by a ſecret ſympathy can ſhare
My joy, my grief, my miſery, my care.
He muſt be prudent, faithful, juſt, and wiſe,
Who can to ſuch a pitch of friendſhip riſe.

The two firm rocks on which all friendſhips ſtand,
Are love of freedom and our country's glory;
Piety, valour, and paternal love,
Form the ariſing pile: the other virtues,
Candour, beneficence, and moral truſt,
Are ſuperſtructures, and adorn the dome.

GOD.

THou great ador'd! thou excellence unknown!
Beauty is thine in all its conqu'ring powers.
What is there lovely in the ſpacious earth,
Or in th' ethereal round compar'd to thee!
In thee we trace up pleaſure to its ſource!
Thou art the great original of joy,
Th'eternal ſpring of life, the ſource of love
Divine, beyond ſimilitude ſupreme;
With whoſe immenſity we're all ſurrounded!

GOOD NATURE.

TRuſt not too much your now reſiſtleſs charms,
Thoſe age or ſickneſs ſoon or late diſarms:

Good nature only teaches charms to laſt,
Still makes new conqueſts, and maintains the paſt.
Good nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

Indulgence ſoon takes with a noble mind,
Who can be harſh that ſees another kind?
Mildneſs and temper have a force divine,
To make even paſſion with their nature join.

GRATITUDE.

THE wretch whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honour let him lay no claim;
But ſtand confeſs'd the brute diſguis'd in man.
And when we would, with utmoſt deteſtation,
Single ſome monſter from the traitor herd,
'Tis but to ſay ingratitude's his crime.

GUILT.

WHen haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.

HAPPINESS.

— TO be good is to be happy, — angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they are better.

Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th'avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings: the bleſs'd know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heaven is goodneſs.

HAPPINESS *of* ANIMALS RECIPROCAL.

HAS God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure, and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know Nature's children all divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine," replies a pamper'd gooſe.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him;
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon man will fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

HARMONY *of the* UNIVERSE.

ALL are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns:
To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

HARMONY.

CAN any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe ſuch divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air,
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, thro' the empty vaulted night;

At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd! I have often heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidſt the flow'ry kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium. Sylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs,
I never heard till now.——

HEALTH. *A* FRAGMENT.

* * * * * O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth!
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or wo.
O thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all, are thine!
O Sun of life, whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up and chears our various day,

The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature, with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro' the midnight-ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen at early dawn
Slow pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye;
With ſong and proſpect which abound,
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With thirſt and languor in his train;
All nature ſick'ning in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolneſs has her ſeat.

There plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages or poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes!
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the ſent of heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the inmoſt wood,
Appear'd fair freedom's genius good.

O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great charter with our being given,
For which the patriot and the ſage
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came! * * * *

Auſpicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wing,
She ſeem'd a cherub moſt divinely bright;
More ſoft than air, than bluſhing morning light.
Hail! blooming goddeſs! thou propitious pow'r,
Whoſe bleſſings mortals next to life implore;
With ſo much luſtre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts when you appear.
Mankind, as you vouchſafe to ſmile or frown,
Find eaſe in chains or anguiſh in a crown.

HEAT.

ALL-conquering Heat, Oh! intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce; inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the ſunleſs ſide

Of romantic mountain foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines;
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without
Unſatisfy'd, and ſick, toſſes in noon.

HONESTY.

CONvince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay and all you do:
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not near the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs,
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzza's.

——————— Now juſt heav'n forbid
A Britiſh man ſhould ever count for gain
What villany muſt earn. No: Are we poor?
Be honeſty our riches. Are we mean,
And humbly born? The true heart makes us noble.

HONOUR.

HOnour! that ſpark of the celeſtial fire,
That above nature makes mankind aſpire;
Ennobles the rude paſſions of our frame,
With thirſt of glory and deſire of fame.

True genuine honour its large patent holds
Of all mankind, through every land and age,
Of univerſal reaſon's various ſons,
And even of God himſelf, ſole perfect judge.

Aſk the proud peer, what's honour? He diſplays
A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze:
Or if the royal ſmile his hopes has bleſt,
Points to the glitt'ring glory on his breaſt;
Yet if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the ſtar is but a ſtain;
For I cou'd whiſper in his Lordſhip's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the ſtar.

Say what's nobility, ye gilded train!
Does nature give it, or can guilt ſuſtain?
Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high;
Or takes the vital ſtream a richer dye?
What! tho' a long patrician lime ye claim,
Are noble ſouls entail'd upon a name?
Anſtis may ermine out the lordly earth,
Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth. —

Vice levels all, however high or low;
And all the diff'rence but conſiſts in ſhow.
Who aſks an alms, or ſupplicates a place,
Alike is beggar, tho' in rags or lace:
Alike his country's ſcandal and its curſe,
Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purſe. —
Honour's a miſtreſs all mankind purſue;
Yet moſt miſtake the falſe one for the true:
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worſhip oft the idol for the ſaint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is won;
Thoſe loſe who ſeek her, and thoſe gain who ſhun:
Naked ſhe flies to merit in diſtreſs,
And leaves to courts the garniſh of her dreſs.
The million'd merchant ſeeks her in his gold;
In ſchools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
The courtier views her with admiring eyes,
Flutters in ribands, or in titles riſe;
By various ways all view the modeſt maid;
Yet loſe the ſubſtance, graſping at the ſhade.
Who, ſmiling, ſees not with what various ſtrife,
Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life?
To the ſame end ſtill diff'rent means employs,
This builds a church, a temple that deſtroys;
Both anxious to obtain a deathleſs name,
Yet erring, both miſtake report for fame.
Report, tho' vulture-like the name it bear,
Drags but the carrion carcaſe thro' the air;
While Fame, Jove's nobler bird, ſuperior flies,
And, ſoaring, mounts the mortal to the ſkies.

On poliſh'd ſprings true men of honour move,
Free is their ſervice, and unbought their love:
When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
With joy they follow, and with pride obey.
Not all the threats, or favours of a crown,
A prince's whiſper, or a tyrant's frown;
Can awe the ſpirit, or allure the mind,
Of him who to ſtrict honour is inclin'd.

——— What are dominion, pomp,
The wealth of nations, nay, of all the world,
The world itſelf, or what a thouſand worlds,
If weigh'd with faith, unſpotted, heav'nly truth,
Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,
And all the triumphs of a godlike breaſt,
Firm and unmov'd in the great cauſe of virtue?

HOPE.

O Hope! ſweet flatterer, whoſe deluſive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, ſuſtains
The captive bending with the weight of bonds,
And ſmooths the pillow of diſeaſe and pain,
Send back th'exploring meſſenger with joy,
And let me hail thee from that friendly grove,

A Deſcription of the HORSE.

SUrvey the warlike horſe! didſt thou inveſt
With thunder his robuſt diſtended cheſt?

No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.

HUMILITY.

BE not too fond of honour, wealth, or fame,
Since none of theſe can beautify the mind;
But may ambition, and your pride proclaim,
And render you the jeſt of humankind:
Whilſt true humility, without all theſe,
May make you happy, and ſhall make you pleaſe.

HUNTING.

THE ſtag, too, ſingled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,

Before the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
He ſprightly puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his ſwift aerial ſoul to flight.
Againſt the breeze he darts, that way the more,
To leave the leſs'ning murd'rous cry behind.
Deception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north,
He burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildeſt wood;
If ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track,
Hot ſteaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
Expel him, circling thro' this every ſhift.
He ſweeps the foreſt oft, and ſobbing ſees
The glades mild op'ning to the golden day;
Where in kind conteſt with his butting friends,
He wont to ſtruggle or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd
With ſelfiſh care, avoid a brother's wo.
What ſhall he do? his once ſo vivid nerve,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe, but fainting breathleſs toil
Sick ſeizes on his heart; he ſtands at bay,
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh, while the grov'ling pack,
Blood happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.

HYPOCRISY.

SEeming devotion does but gild the knave
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave;
But, when religion does with virtue join,
It makes the hero like an angel ſhine.

HYPOCRITE.

NO man's condition is ſo baſe as his;
None more accurs'd than he; for man eſteems
Him hateful, 'cauſe he ſeems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cauſe he is not what he ſeems.
What grief is abſent, or what miſchief can
Be added to the hate of God and man!

IDLENESS.

THE firſt phyſicians by debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and ſloth ſuſtains the trade.
By care our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood.
The wiſe for health on exerciſe depend;
God never made his works for man to mend.

JEALOUSY.

——————— Accurſed jealouſy!
O mercileſs, wild, and unforgiving friend!

Blindfold it runs to undiſtinguiſh'd miſchief,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its rage;
For there is none ſo deadly. Doubly curs'd
Be all thoſe eaſy fools who give it harbour;
Who turn a monſter looſe among mankind,
Fiercer than famine, war, or ſpotted peſtilence,
Baneful as death, and horrible as hell.

IMPUDENCE.

FOR thoſe who heretofore ſought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their ſouls,
Wore vizors of hypocriſy, to ſteal
And ſlink away in maſquerade to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open ſun,
For all mankind to gaze their worſt upon;
As eagles try their young againſt his rays,
To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or baſe;
Call heav'n and earth to witneſs how they've aim'd
With all their utmoſt vigour to be damn'd.

INDIAN.

LO, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,

Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no angel's wing, no ſeraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

INDUSTRY.

FLee ſloth, the canker of good men and poets,
Of health, of wealth, of honour, and of arts.
Such as court fame, muſt not their ſenſes pleaſe;
Her chariot lags, when drawn by ſloth and eaſe.

INNOCENCE.

O That I had my innocence again!
My untouch'd honour! but I wiſh in vain:
The fleece that has been by the dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native whiteneſs gain'd.
Happy the innocent! whoſe equal thoughts
Are free from anguiſh, as they're free from faults.

INSTRUCTION.

LET truth and virtue be their earlieſt teachers:
Keep from their ear the ſiren voice of flattery;
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of Vice,
Who ſpread, in every court, their ſilken ſnares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes inſtruct them,

Superior rank demands ſuperior worth;
Pre-eminence of valour, juſtice, mercy;
But chief, that tho' exalted o'er mankind
They are themſelves but men — frail ſuff'ring duſt;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the ſame heat, chill'd
By the ſame cold, torn by the ſame diſeaſe,
That ſcorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.

INSTRUCTOR.

DElightful taſk! to rear the tender thought;
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot;
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind;
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The gen'rous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.

JUDGE.

THE miſer gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious ſcar
Got by a ſoldier in the war;
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That ſtudies to preſerve mankind.

JUSTICE.

——————— O immortal Juſtice,
Thou undivided particle from heaven;

That lengthens to its ſubſtitute below,
And arms his ſubject hand with majeſty
Terrific! for thy cauſe a willing agent,
My ſword I draw: do thou inſpire the ſtroke
With prevalence divine. As thine the wrong,
Vengeance and puniſhment to thee belong;
The injur'd ſtate of innocence reſtore,
Cruſh the bold inſults of aſpiring pow'r,
Shine like thy radiant ſource, and make the world adore.

KING.

WHat is this pow'r whoſe hoſt inflames you ſo?
Is it to be a king? to range unqueſtion'd
Thro' each dark maze of guilt, of death, and rapine?
Is it to diſſolve in ſoftneſs and in riots?
Is it to reign o'er ignorance and vice?
For wiſdom droops where tyranny prevails;
Oppreſſion ever is the grave of virtue.
If there is one who's form'd to be a king,
He muſt be wiſe, be merciful and brave;
Of virtue, learning, and of arts the patron;
Studious his country's intereſt to know,
And active to procure it—juſt to his word;
Courteous, familiar to his people's view;
Hope of th' oppreſt, and dread of the oppreſſor.
This is a king; he is a father too,
The public father; for where kings ſhould reign,
He ſeeks his empire in the people's hearts.

KING *of* BRITAIN.

WHat tho' not theirs the power, in dungeon-glooms
The ſubject *unconvicted* to detain,
Or to long exile doom, or ſecret death,
By ſudden mandate at the midnight-hour:
What tho' licentious tools of lawleſs ſway,
No ſervile armies march at their command,
To fright oppoſing ſenates, or confirm
Pernicious edicts: what tho' generous truth
Dares in their preſence check the ſoothing ſtrains
Of adulation baſe, and boldly blame
Their faults, or honeſt counſel give unaſk'd:
What tho' they tear not from the ſtarving hind
The morſel earn'd with hard deſerving toil,
To pamper idle waſte; or guilty wars,
By wild ambition kindled, to ſupport:
Yet to protect the good, reſtrain the bad,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltleſs tear from poor affliction's eye,
To raiſe his merit, ſet th' alluring light
Of virtue high in view; to nouriſh arts,
Encourage genius, emulation raiſe,
Make their own people virtuous, happy, great,
And guard all Europe from th' oppreſſive aim
That would its rights invade; for deeds like theſe
The fair career before them open lies;
While the dark precipice that leads to ill,
To folly, guilt, and ſhame, is kindly barr'd.
O bleſs'd reſtraint! how poor to theſe are all

The giddy glories of deſpotic thrones!
Thus, thus indeed is imag'd power divine,
Boundleſs and abſolute in God alone.

KNOWLEDGE.

GO, wondrous! mount where ſcience guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
Inſtruct the planets in what orb to run;
Correct old time, and regulate the ſun:
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' imperial ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair:
Or tread the mazy round his foll'wers trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the ſun.
Go, teach eternal wiſdom how to rule, —
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool.

Merit ſhould be for ever plac'd
In knowledge, judgment, wit, and taſte;
For theſe, 'tis own'd without diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh man from brute.

Knowledge, by time, advances ſlow and wiſe,
Turns every where its deep diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befal,
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.

The LANGUID LADY.

THE languid lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then if ordain'd to ſo ſevere a doom,
She by juſt ſtages journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps, — that is, aſcend the ſtairs.
My fan! let others ſay who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her laconic ſtyle,
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather ſees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather ſtarve;
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf, a cruel fate,
That Roſalinda can't by proxy eat.

LAMB.

AH! gentle ſhepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all that feel diſtreſs, the moſt aſſail'd,

Feeble, defenceleſs: lenient be thy care;
But ſpread around thy tend'reſt diligence,
In flow'ry ſpring-time, when the new dropp'd lamb,
Tott'ring with weakneſs by his mother's ſide,
Feels the freſh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet.
O guard his meek, ſweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that ruſh around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the ſkies to ſnatch him from the plain;
Obſerve the lurking crows, beware the brake,
There the ſly fox the careleſs minute waits;
Nor truſt thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor ſky,
Thy boſom to a thouſand cares divide.
Eurus oft ſlings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to quarrel, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And turns her alſo turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakeſt in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cot, and oft
Between the lark's note, and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating ſtill with tepid milk.
In this office may thy children join;
And charitable habits learn in ſport.

LAST DAY.

1.

WHen the fierce north-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, like a ſtorm of hail, comes
Ruſhing amain down;

2.

How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd, and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

2.

Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like this earthly),
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

4.

Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around them!

5.

Hark! the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively, bright horror, and amazing anguiſh,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

6.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
ſtrings,
And the ſmart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

7.

Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit, wide yawning,
Hideous, and gloomy, to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

8.

Stop here my fancy; (all away ye horrid,
Doleful ideas), come ariſe to Jeſus,
How he ſits Godlike! and the ſaints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

9.

O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our Hoſanna's, all along the paſſage,
Shout the Redeemer.

Methinks I hear a ſelf-convicted wretch
To his aſſociates vent his anguiſh'd ſoul;
Yonder he ſits, whoſe mercies we have ſpurn'd,
Whoſe laws we have profan'd, whoſe ſides we oft
Have pierc'd with blaſphemy's invenom'd ſpear:
How ſhall we now confront his awful eye,
That melts all with a darted glance;
Or whither from his dreaded preſence flee?

O that ſome rock would fall, ſome mountain yawn,
To bury us for ever in its womb!
Vain hope, alas! theſe mountains, and theſe rocks
Soon will begone; the heavens and earth diſſolv'd,
And nothing for his fiery wrath remain
To prey on but ourſelves.—

— And now the Judge with viſage all inflam'd,
At which the molten mountains ſhrink like wax,
With voice that ſhakes the pillar'd firmament,
The dire award pronounces: "Go, ye curs'd,
"To fire, as everlaſting as your ſouls,
"For Satan and his impious hoſt prepar'd."
Strait from the inmoſt centre of the earth,
Flames burſt in ſpiry eddies to the ſkies:
Trembles the ground convuls'd, ſeas boiling roar,
And daſh yon crackling canopy with foam.
Creation ſinks beneath th' enormous blaze.
Myriads now burning, with the Archangel's trump,
The growling thunder of th' expiring heavens;
And with a falling world's tremendous groan,
Mingle their hideous yell, and vainly wiſh,
They, like thoſe elements, could be no more.

LEARNING.

A Little learning is a dang'rous thing!
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.

Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind,
But more advanc'd, behold, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!

LIBERTY.

FAir Liberty ſits goddeſs of our iſle;
And peaceful bleſſings all around her ſmile:
Darkneſs and bigotry before her fly,
And truth and virtue grow beneath her eye.

O Liberty! thou goddeſs heav'nly bright;
Profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleaſures in thy preſence reign,
And ſmiling plenty leads thy wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy ſight:
Thou mak'ſt the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'ſt beauty to the ſun, and pleaſure to the day.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from ſpray to ſpray,
Who ſings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies, o'er hill, and dale, and down;
Is not each buſh, each ſpreading tree his own?
And canſt thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'erarch'd with golden wire?

What then are honours, gold, or pomp to me?
Are theſe a price to purchaſe liberty!

LIFE.

Like to the falling of a ſtar,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the freſh ſpring's gaudy hue,
Or ſilver drops of morning-dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water ſtood:
Even ſuch is man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The ſpring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the ſtar is ſhot;
The flight is paſs'd, and man forgot.

A man triumphant is a monſtrous ſight!
A man dejected is a ſight as mean!
What cauſe of triumph where ſuch ills abound!
What of dejection, where preſides a power
Who call'd us into being to be bleſs'd?

Ah! why ſo vain, tho' blooming in thy ſpring?
Thou ſhining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, diſeaſe may come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as threeſcore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may ſoon decay:
But, grant theſe fugitives prolong their ſtay,

Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes,
Life that ſupports them in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the ſoul, let virtue ſhine
The ground eternal as the work divine.

LION.

BUT, fiercer ſtill, the lordly lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſert with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful anguiſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapp'd, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſert fill;
They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.

LUXURY.

UNworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
No mark of honour in reflecting hour,
No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
At once involving in one ruin, wealth,
And wealth-acquiring powers: while mean self-love
Destroys the nobler faculties of bliss.

MAN.

KNow then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;
In doubt his mind, or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze:
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reaſon, and the dupe of paſſion:
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to diſcern:
Fir'd with old doctrine, prejudic'd at new;
Miſtaking ſtill the pleaſing for the true;
Foe to reſtraints approv'd by general voice,
Yet to each folly made a ſlave by choice;
Of reſt impatient, yet in love with eaſe;
When moſt good natur'd, aiming how to blaze;
Diſdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd, but when the fools applaud:
By turns ſevere, indulgent, humble, vain,
A trifle ſerves to loſe him, or — to gain.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder he, who made him ſuch,
Who center'd in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellouſly mix'd; —
A beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorpt!
Tho' ſully'd, and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect infinite!
A worm! a god! — I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,

Thought wanders up and down, ſurpris'd, aghaſt,
And wond'ring at her own: how reaſon reels?
O what a miracle to man is man
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! What joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported, and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life? or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

MARRIAGE.

HAil wedded love! myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offſpring, ſole propriety
In paradiſe, of all things common elſe!
By thee, adult'rous luſt was driven from man
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
(Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure),
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets!
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings.
When fix'd to one, Love ſafe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the wind and tides.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades every flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Philosophic Melancholy.

HE comes! he comes! in ev'ry breeze the power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud faſt into the mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſs'd; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;

The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory thro' remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
The ſympathies of love and friendſhip dear,
With all the ſocial offſpring of the heart,

MERCY.

OF all the paths which lead to human bliſs,
The moſt ſecure, and grateful to our ſteps,
With mercy and humanity is mark'd.
The ſweet-tongu'd rumour of a gracious deed,
Can charm from hoſtile hands, th' uplifted blade,
The gall of anger into milk transform,
And dreſs the brow of enmity in ſmiles.

Mercy, not juſtice, is the throne of princes;
For what is pow'r tho' boundleſs and almighty?
A deity of awfulneſs and fear;
But in the whirlwind of its wrath, when flies
The burning ſhaft, if Mercy's ſaving hand
Arreſts its flight, then we kneel and worſhip,
And mix our praiſe with gratitude and love.

MORNING.

NOW from his orient throne the golden ſun
Had pour'd his morning-beam, and ſhed a light
To beautify the world's reviving ſcenes.
Soft was the dewy air, the breathing gale

Refreſhing Nature's face, rich, beauteous, gay,
Scarce yet awake, the poring eye of Care
Unſeals its lid, while Riot's giddy head
Was juſt reclin'd upon its couch of down.
Still and ſerene creation's ample round,
While each fair object, op'ning with the morn,
Joins to beget tranquillity of mind,
The heart-felt joy, and ſerious thought inſpires.
Shall man be loſt, ſtretch'd on his bed of down,
Waſte all his ſolemn hours in thoughtleſs eaſe?
While, mounted on his golden car, the ſun
Travels from world to world, in haſte to bear
His Maker's dread commands, and all the choir
Of feather'd minſtrels join their grateful ſongs,
To celebrate their great Creator's praiſe.
O heighten the ſweet harmony, proud man,
Of their melodious tribes, and add the ſtrains
Of warm devotion to their tuneful lays;
Improve the gifts of heaven, and, ah, refine
The balmy odours with a breath of praiſe.

MORNING-PRAYER.

FOuntain of light, from whom yon orient ſun
Firſt drew his ſplendor; ſource of life and love!
Whoſe ſmile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face,
The boundleſs bluſh of ſpring; O firſt and beſt!
Thy eſſence, tho' from human ſight and ſearch,
Tho' from the climb of all created thought,
Ineffably remov'd; yet man himſelf,

Thy loweſt child of reaſon, man, may read
Unbounded power, intelligence ſupreme,
The maker's hand on all his works impreſs'd,
In characters coeval with the ſun,
And with the ſun to laſt; from world to world,
From age to age, in every clime, diſclos'd,
Sole revelation to all time the ſame.
Hail univerſal goodneſs, with full ſtream
For ever flowing from beneath the throne,
Thro' earth, air, ſea, to all things that have life:
From all that live on earth, in air, or ſea,
The great community of Nature's ſons,
To thee, firſt Father, ceaſeleſs praiſe aſcend!
And in the reverend hymn my grateful voice
Be duly heard, among thy works not leaſt,
Nor loweſt; with intelligence inform'd,
To know thee and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Where virtue leads to follow and be bleſs'd.
O whether by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is inſtant, ſtill vouchſafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameleſs on
Thro' this dark ſcene of error and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to chear;
All elſe, of me unaſk'd, thy will ſupreme
With-hold or grant: and let thy will be done.

MUSE.

THE Muſe, by Fate's eternal plan deſign'd
To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;

To bid kind pity melt, juſt anger flow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the ſighs of wo;
To ſhake with horror, rack with tender ſmart,
And touch the fineſt ſtrings that rend the heart.

MUSIC.

HEar how Timotheus' various lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe;
While at each change the ſon of Lybian Jove,
Now burns with glory, and now melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound.

NATURE.

TO build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To ſwell the terraſs, or to ſink the grot,
In all let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

NATURE. *(A ſocial life.)*

NOR think in Nature's ſtate they blindly trod;
The ſtate of nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and ſocial at her birth began,
Union, the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſs'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heaven's attribute was univerſal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, man.

NIGHT.

NIght, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.

Silence how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſt'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps; 'tis as the gen'ral pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe,
An awful pauſe, prophetic of her end.

OATHS.

IF oaths be diſregarded, — come confuſion;
Come wild diſorder, leading by the hand
The harlot vice, humanity diſfeatur'd,
And ev'ry ſocial grace. — Hot Violation,
With harpy-talon'd Rapine cloſe the ſcene,
Razing all virtue from the human heart. ——

ODE *to the* EVENING. *By* COLLINS.

IF ought of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſoothe thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings and dying gales;

O nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits on yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts
With braid ethereal wove,
O'erhang his weary bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-ey'd bat
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beettle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn.

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim born in heedleſs hum ;
Now teach me, maid, compos'd
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow I hail
Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy folding ſtar ariſing, ſhews
His paly circlet at his warning lamp,
The fragrant hours and elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brow with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive pleaſure ſweet,
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then lead, calm vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Chears the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.

But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rains,
Forbid thy willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's ſide
Views wilds and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim diſcovered ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky vail.

While ſpring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve;
While ſummer loves to ſport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, ſure-found beneath thy ſylvan ſhade,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

OMBRE.

BElinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre ſingly to decide their doom,
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred Nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aëreal guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a mattadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;

And four fair queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r ;
Four knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band ;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful nymph reviews her force with care :
Let ſpades be trumps ! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable mattadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but, his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majeſty of ſpades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd ;
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd ;
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queen's o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war ! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor ſpade !
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield ;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field :
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of ſpades.
The clubs black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride :

What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſp the globe?
The Baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king, who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus, when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion, diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O ſhameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate!)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate;
An ace of hearts ſtept forth, the king unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

ORPHANS.

WHat heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipt in morning-dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And form their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide:
Fancy and paſſion toſs it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite ſink in wo.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt example lies, my precepts truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills, the boldeſt are afraid:
Where then is ſafety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And man whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate,
And ſcorn you for thoſe ill themſelves create.
If on your fame our ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your own.
Moſt hard; in pleaſing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief dangers riſe.
Then pleaſe the beſt; and know for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.

OSTRICH.

WHO in the cruel oſtrich has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky;
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.

PAINTING, &c.

FIrſt elder Sculpture taught her ſiſter Art
Correct deſign; where great ideas ſhone,
And animating all expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the decent act,
Or bold, or eaſy; and, caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their elder ſiſter, came;
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way:
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe;
And copious action on the canvas glow:
Gave her gay fable; ſpread invention's ſtore;
Enlarg'd her view; taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole;
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and ſchools,

Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each moral beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouſe to glory; while to rural life,
And contemplation ſweet of Nature's works,
The ſofter canvas oft becalm'd the ſoul,
There gaily broke the ſun illumin'd cloud;
The leſſ'ning proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice frown'd dire;
While, down the rock, the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone trembling o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
Incloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With peace, and love, and innocence around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves;
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

Yet ſtill how faint by precept is expreſs'd
The living image in the painter's breaſt?
Thence endleſs ſtreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike terror in the ſketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence beauty waking all her forms, ſupplies
An angel's ſweetneſs or Bridgewater's eyes.

PASSIONS.

SEarch then the ruling paſſion; there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known;
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, princes, women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue, once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.

What dreadful havock in the human breaſt
The paſſions make, when unconfin'd and mad,
They burſt unguided by the mental eye,
The light of reaſon, which, in various ways,
Points them to good, or turns them back from ill!
O ſave me from the tumult of the ſoul!
From the wild beaſts within; — for circling ſands,
When the ſwift whirlwind whelms them o'er the lands,
The roaring deeps which to the clouds ariſe,
While thro' the ſtorm the darted lightning flies;
The monſter brood, to which the wilds give birth,
The blazing city, and the gaping earth,
All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combin'd,
Are gentle to the tempeſt of the mind.

PATIENCE.

OHeav'n-born Patience, ſource of peace and reſt,
Deſcend; infuſe thy ſpirit thro' my breaſt,
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate.

This body let their engines tear and grind;
But let not all their racks ſubdue my mind.
Patience in cowards is tame hopeleſs fear:
But in brave minds a ſcorn of what they bear.

PATRIOT.

GRave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example beſt inſtructs the heart;
Then look on E—t, let his conduct ſhow
From active life what various bleſſings flow.
In him a juſt ambition ſtands confeſs'd,
It warms, but not inflames his equal breaſt.
See him in ſenates act the patriot's part,
Truth on his lips, the public at his heart;
There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul
The honeſt purpoſe of his ſteady ſoul.
No mean attachments e'er ſeduc'd his tongue
To gild the cauſe his heart ſuſpected wrong;
But deaf to envy, faction, ſpleen, his voice
Joins here or there as reaſon guides his choice.
To one great point his faithful labours tend,
And all his toils in Britain's intereſt end.

PEACOCK.

HOW rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day!

With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

PHEASANT.

SEE! from the brake the whining pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy varying dyes,
His purple creſt and ſcarlet circled eyes;
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold!

PIETY.

HAil! gentle Piety, unmingled joy!
Whoſe fulneſs ſatisfies, but ne'er can cloy!
Spread thy ſoft wings o'er my devoted breaſt,
And ſettle there an everlaſting gueſt.

Hail heavenly Piety, ſupremely fair!
Whoſe ſmiles can calm the horrors of deſpair;
Bid in each breaſt unuſual tranſports flow,
And wipe the tears that ſtain the cheek of wo.
How bleſs'd the man who leaves each meaner ſcene,
Like thee, exalting, ſmiling, and ſerene!
Whoſe riſing ſoul purſues a nobler flight,
Whoſe boſom melts with more refin'd delight;
Whoſe thoughts, elate with tranſports all ſublime,
Can ſoar at once beyond the bounds of time;

Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,
He flies aereal on the darting wind;
Free as the keen-ey'd eagle, bears away,
And mounts the regions of eternal day!

PITY.

I Have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er cou'd be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who cou'd rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.
I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.

Upon a YOUNG LADY *who wept reading the* BABES OF THE WOOD.

WHile the ſad tale, with accents ſweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breaſt,
For infant innocence diſtreſt:
The boſom heaves with riſing wo,
Short, and confus'd, the pauſes grow,

Brimful each pretty eye appears,
And burſts at length a flood of tears. —
Sweet ſoftneſs ſtill, O ſtill retain!
That ſocial heart, that ſenſe humane;
For others woes ſtill kindly bleed,
And no returns of pity need.

POLITENESS.

STudy with care politeneſs, that muſt teach
The modiſh forms of geſture, and of ſpeech:
In vain formality, with matron mien
And pertneſs, apes her with familiar grin:
They againſt nature for applauſes ſtrain,
Diſtort themſelves, and give all others pain:
She moves with eaſy, though with meaſur'd pace,
And ſhews no part of ſtudy but the grace:
Yet even by this man is but half refin'd,
Unleſs philoſophy ſubdues the mind.

POVERTY.

YOU whoſe ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the ſhepherd's paths; when ſober even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven,
From danger free, thro' deſerts wild he hies,
The riſing ſmoke far o'er the mountain ſpies,
Which marks his diſtant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murd'rers lay their nightly ſnares;

They paſs him by, they turn their ſteps away,
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies ſecure in eaſy ſleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep,
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the bury'd gold.
Nor ſtarts he from his couch aghaſt and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he whoſe iron coffers ruſt with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof deceit and ſtealth:
Treach'ry with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And cloſe behind him horrid Murder ſtalks.

PRIDE.

OF all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind;
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.

Aſk for what end the heavenly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, 'Tis for mine.
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;

Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
For me health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
My footſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies.

PROSPERITY.

——PRoſperity? a harlot
That ſmiles but to betray! a ſhining ruin!
Thou nurſe of paſſions, and thou bane of virtue!
O ſelf-deſtroying monſter! that art blind;
Yet putt'ſt out Reaſon's eyes, that ſtill ſhould guide thee,
Then plungeſt down ſome precipice unſeen,
And art no more!——

PROVIDENCE.

SUbmit thy fate to Heaven's indulgent care;
Tho' all ſeem loſt, 'tis impious to deſpair:
The tracks of providence, like rivers, wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind:
And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conſpicuous riſe.

O eternal Providence, whoſe courſe,
Amidſt the various maze of life, is fix'd
By boundleſs wiſdom, and by boundleſs love,
I follow thee, with reſignation, hope,

With confidence and joy ; for thou art good,
And of thy riſing goodneſs is no end.

Sink not beneath imaginary ſorrows:
Call to your aid your courage, and your wiſdom;
Think on the ſudden change of human ſcenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on the providence that guards the good.

P U N.

SOme know no joy like what a word can raiſe,
Hal'd thro' a language's perplexing maze;
Till on a mate, that ſeems t' agree, they light,
Like man and wife that ſtill are oppoſite:
Not lawyers at the bar play more with ſenſe,
When brought to the laſt trope of eloquence,
Than they on every ſubject great and ſmall,
At clubs, or councils, at a church, or ball;
Then cry we rob them of their tribute due:
Alas how can we laugh and pity too?
While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with ſour face anatomize a pun;
When the briſk glaſs to freedom does entice,
And rigid wiſdom is a kind of vice,
But let not ſuch grave folks your laughter ſpoil;
Ne'er frown where ſenſe may innocently ſmile.

RAGE.

HOW raſh, how inconſiderate is rage!
How wretched, Oh! how fatal is our error,
When to revenge precipitate we run!
Revenge, that ſtill with double force recoils
Back on itſelf, and is its own revenge:
While to the ſhort-liv'd momentary joy
Succeeds a train of woes, an age of torments.

RAILLERY.

BUT above all things raillery decline,
Nature but few does for that taſk deſign;
'Tis in the ableſt hand a dang'rous tool,
But never fails to wound the meddling fool:
For all muſt grant it needs no common art,
To keep men patient when we make them ſmart:
Not wit alone, nor humour's ſelf will do,
Without good-nature, and much prudence too,
To judge aright of perſons, place, and time;
For taſte decrees what's low, and what's ſublime:
And what may charm to-day, or o'er a glaſs,
Perhaps at court, or next day would not paſs.
Then leave to low buffoons, by cuſtom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar, and unenvy'd taſk, to hit
All perſons right or wrong with random wit.
Our wiſe forefathers, born in ſober days,
Reſign'd to fools the tart and witty phraſe;

The motley coat gave warning for the jeſt,
Excus'd the wound, and ſanctify'd the peſt:
But we from high to low, all ſtrive to ſneer,
Will all be wits, and not the liv'ry wear.

REASON.

WHen Reaſon, like the ſkilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery paſſions with the bit,
And, ſpite of their licentious ſallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory; paſſions then
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reaſon,
Firm in her ſeat, and ſwift in her career,
Enjoys their violence, and, ſmiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.

READING.

TOY with your books, and as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from philoſophy
To fable ſhift, from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong,
While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read,
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrains,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes;
The cheſt ſo exercis'd improves its ſtrength,
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood; which in unactive days,
Would loiter elſe thro' unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend

What poſture ſuits. To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt; but o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

REDBREAST.

THE redbreaſt ſacred to the houſehold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then briſk alights
On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. ———

RELIGION.

—— TRue religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humane;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears deſtruction on her chariot-wheels,
But ſtoops to poliſh, ſuccour, and redreſs,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.
All, under various names, adore and love
One pow'r immenſe, which ever rules above.

Sudden on the wond'ring gaze,
From heav'n's broad concave burſts the rapid blaze:
At once deſcending from the realms on high,
An angel ſhape arreſts the dazzled eye:
Looſe o'er her limbs the floating garments roll'd,
Her ſparkling pinions flam'd with beamy gold;
Her eyes like lightning glanc'd a piercing ray,
And all th' illumin'd æther gleam'd with day!
Near as ſhe came ſuperior, tho' reſign'd,
Her form majeſtic aw'd the dubious mind;
With heighten'd grace her bloomy features glow'd,
Free on her robe the mazy ringlets flow'd;
Her balmy breath ambroſial ſcents perfume,
And o'er her cheeks was pour'd celeſtial bloom.
Pale Sorrow brighten'd as Religion came,
And ſlow-pac'd Time ſtood trembling at the name;
Rage dragg'd in triumph, ſwell'd her ſolemn train,
And Death behind her groan'd, and clank'd his chain.

REMORSE.

WHY are my thoughts ſtill miniſt'ring freſh pain?
Why are new cares ſtill rankling in my mind?
Nature aloud calls out for balmy reſt;
But all in vain, my ever-waking ſoul
Sits brooding o'er a train of images,
That conſtant riſe in terrible array,
And ſink my reſolutions into tears.
But wherefore ſhould vain fancies thus appeal?
Is not an empire ſubject to my rule?

Have I not all that fortune could beſtow ?
In ev'ry thing but name an emperor * !
Is not ambition glutted with my ſtore !
And yet that faithful mirror of the mind,
Reflection, ſtill a gloomy proſpect ſhews.
Remorſe, the raven of a guilty mind,
Is ever croaking horrid in my ear ;
Often I rouſe to baniſh it away,
But the tormentor ſtill returns again,
And like Prometheus' vulture ever gnaws.
What then is glory without ſoft repoſe ?
If ſweet content is baniſh'd from my ſoul,
Life grows a burden and a weight of wo.

RESURRECTION.

AT midnight 'tis preſum'd this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs ; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel ; from nitrous grain the blaze,
Man ſtarting from his couch ſhall ſleep no more !
The day is broke which never more ſhall cloſe !
Above, around, beneath, amazement all !
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire !
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death !

Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe final fate

* Sejanus.

Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thoughts?
I think of nothing elſe, I ſee! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All deities like ſummer-ſwarms on wings,
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the judge enthron'd, the flaming guard,
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought!
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all extreme!

RETIREMENT.

BUT bleſs'd is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies leiſure won;
Him honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head:
In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing.
Friendſhip and truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bow'r where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.

RICHES.

TO whom can riches give repute and truſt,
Content or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold;
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.

Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſunſhine on a fool:
But for ſome end, one much neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupply'd).
This noble end is, to produce the ſoul;
To ſhow the pictures in their faireſt light;
To make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous providence; and teach the breaſt
That gen'rous luxury the gods enjoy.

RIDICULE.

OUR mirthful age, to all extremes a prey,
Ev'n courts the laſh, and laughs her pains away;
Declining worth imperial Wit ſupplies,
And Momus triumphs, while Aſtrea flies.
No truth ſo ſacred banter cannot hit;
No fool ſo ſtupid, but he aims at wit.

Ev'n thoſe whoſe breaſts ne'er plann'd one virtuous deed,
Nor rais'd a thought beyond the earth they tread;
Ev'n thoſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's av'rice, or a Tully's pride;
And ſneer at human checks, by nature given
To curb perfection e'er it rival heaven:
Nay, chiefly ſuch in theſe low arts prevail,
Whoſe want of talents leaves them time to rail.
Born for no end, they worſe than uſeleſs grow,
(As waters poiſon if they ceaſe to flow),
And peſts become, whom kinder fate deſign'd
But harmleſs expletives of human kind.
See with what zeal th' inſidious taſk they ply:
Where ſhall the prudent, where the virtuous fly?
Lurk as ye can, if they direct the ray,
The verieſt atoms in the ſum-beams play.
No venial ſlip their quick attention ſcapes;
They trace each Proteus thro' his hundred ſhapes;
To mirth's tribunal drag the caitiff train,
Where Mercy ſleeps, and Nature pleads in vain.

RUMOUR.

BEfore my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round,
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſand upon the ſhores;

Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night and day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to their centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſea, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes,
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move,
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine, and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore;
Of prodigies and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair;

Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great;
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtood in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt, and weſt, and north, and ſouth,
News travell'd, with increaſe, from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark that kindled firſt by chance,
With gathering force the quick'ning flames advance,
Till to the clouds their circling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.

Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their dates determines, and preſcribes their force;
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax, alternate like the moon.
Around a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and borne thro' the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue from the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this and that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.

SATIRE.

O Sacred weapon, left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and inſolence;
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal,
To rouſe the watchmen of the public weal;
To Virtue's work promote the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate ſlumb'ring in his ſtall.

Hence Satire's power, 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.

She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd power,
Tho' oft ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wiſdom feels her ſway;
Smart pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding fops reſign the clouded cane:
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous vice extracts the healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles,
And force ſtrong ſinew'd, rends th' unequal toils;
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the croud, ſeeks refuge with the wiſe:

The croud with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But Satire's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt;
She plays a ruling paſſion on the reſt;
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave, that heav'n and earth defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd people's groan,
Bold Satire ſhakes the tyrant on his throne;
Pow'rful as death, defies the ſordid train;
And ſlaves and ſycophants ſurround in vain.

SCIPIO.

WHen to his glorious firſt eſſay in war,
New Carthage fell; there all the flower of Spain
Were kept in hoſtage; a full field preſenting
For Scipio's generoſity to ſhine.— A noble virgin
Conſpicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and bluſh'd,
Young, freſh, and blooming, like the morn. An eye,
As when the blue ſky trembles thro' a cloud
Of pureſt white. A ſecret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd inchantment thro' them;
Her ſhape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which ſeem'd on purpoſe,
By nature laviſh'd on her, that mankind
Might ſee the virtue of a hero tried,
Almoſt beyond the ſtretch of human force.

Soft as ſhe paſs'd along, with downcaſt eyes,
Where gentle ſorrow ſwell'd, and now and then
Dropp'd o'er her modeſt cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languiſh'd; and hard war
Felt more than pity; even their chief himſelf,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he ſat,
Turn'd from the dang'rous ſight, and chiding, aſk'd
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his glory in its very dawn.
She, queſtion'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and bluſhes broken told her tale.
But when he found her royally deſcended,
Of her old captive parents the ſole joy;
And that a hapleſs Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His loſt dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender ſoul; ſudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, godlike Roman,
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
His wiſhing youth ſtood check'd, his tempting power,
Reſtrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various ſcenes imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While ſtretch'd below the trembling ſuppliants,
Rack'd by a thouſand mingling paſſions, fear,
Hope, jealouſy, diſdain, ſubmiſſion, grief,
Anxiety, and love in every ſhape.
To theſe as different ſentiments ſucceeded,

As mix'd emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread ſilence to the lover broke.
" We both are young, both charm'd, the right of war
" Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power;
" With whom I could in the moſt ſacred ties
" Live out a happy life: but know that Romans
" Their hearts as well as enemies can conquer;
" Then take her to thy ſoul; and with her take
" Thy liberty and kingdom. In return,
" I aſk but this: When you behold theſe eyes,
" Theſe charms with tranſport, be a friend to Rome."
Ecſtatic wonder held the lovers mute;
While the loud camp, and all the cluſt'ring croud
That hung around, rang with repeated ſhouts.
Fame took th' alarm, and thro' reſounding Spain
Blew faſt the fair report; which, more than arms,
Admiring nations to the Romans gain'd.

SCRIPTURES.

CHarm me, ye ſacred leaves, with nobler themes,
With op'ning heav'ns, and angels rob'd in flames;
Ye reſtleſs paſſions, while I read, be aw'd!
Hail ye myſterious oracles of God!
Here I behold how infant-time began,
How the duſt mov'd, and quicken'd into man;
Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
Court the ſoft breeze, or range the ſpicy grove;

There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
And reverend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
Or hear the voice to ſlumb'ring prophets given,
Nor gaze on viſions from the throne of heav'n.

SECURITY.

THE thunderbolt is never ſeen till felt,
And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure;
Be not ſecure; none ſooner are undone,
Than thoſe whom confidence betrays to reſt.

SELF.

SElf-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake,
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide th' o'erflowings of the mind
Takes ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſwells around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n has ſtamp'd its image on his breaſt.

SENSE.

DIſtruſtful Senſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling Nonſenſe in full volleys breaks;

And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

SHADE.

BEſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There on that hollow'd rock groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flow'ring umbrage, ſhaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine, loads his little thigh.
Oh! bear me then to vaſt embow'ring ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grotto's, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the ſolemn duſk,
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, thro' the void,
Deep ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

A SIMILE.

WHat village but has often ſeen
The clumſy ſhape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and ſhaggy hair
Of that grim brute, yclep'd a bear?
He from his dam, as wits agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you ſee,
Who with her plaſtic tongue alone
Produc'd a viſage like her own,

By which they hint, in myſtic faſhion,
The powerful force of education.
Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
Ev'n now the ſtrange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud
The wonder of a gaping croud!
So have I known an awkward lad,
Whoſe birth has made a pariſh glad,
Forbid for fear of ſenſe to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,
With ways and means, — to play the fool.
In ſenſe the ſame, in ſtature higher,
He ſhines ere long a rural ſquire;
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and ſwears,
And bawls, and drinks, — but chiefly ſtares!
His tenants of ſuperior ſenſe
Carouſe and laugh at his expenſe;
And ſure the paſtime I'm relating,
Muſt prove as pleaſant as bear-baiting.

SINCERITY.

——————— Sincerity,
Thou firſt of virtues, let no mortal leave
Thy onward path! altho' the earth ſhould gape,
And from the gulf of hell deſtruction cry
To take Diſſimulation's winding way.

Sincerity has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms,
She oft the fierceſt of our foes diſarms:

No art ſhe knows, in native whiteneſs dreſs'd,
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all expreſs'd;
She takes from Error its deformity,
And without her all other virtues die.
Bright ſource of goodneſs! to my aid deſcend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend: —
If ſtill thou deign to ſet thy foot below,
Among a race quite poliſh'd into ſhow,
Oh! ſave me from the jilt's diſſembling part,
Who grants to all, all favours but her heart;
Perverts the end of charming, for the ſame;
To fawn, her bus'neſs; to deceive, her aim:
She ſmiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a ſqueeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whiſpers in an ear;
Here ſlips a letter, and there caſts a leer,
Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Diſtributes all its pretty ſelf about;
While all are pleas'd, and wretched ſoon or late,
All but the wiſe, who ſee and ſhun the bait.

SINGING.

AT laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the air, that ev'n Silence
Was took ere ſhe was aware, and wiſh'd ſhe might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac'd. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of death.

SLANDER.

BUT ſtraight the direful pomp of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome, the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies;
The dire report thro' every region flies;
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave, broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke.
The poiſonous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
Slander, the worſt of poiſons, ever finds
An eaſy entrance in ignoble minds.

SLEEP.

COme, gentle god, with magic wand,
Of pow'r to calm the ſoul of care;
From Envy's graſp to looſe the brand,
Or lull th' invenom'd ſnakes that prompt deſpair,
Bring the viſions airy ſhew,
Yews that wave on Lethe ſlow,
Glimm'ring beams, and taper blue,
Rod that drops with Stygian dew:
Sloth on down ſupinely laid,
And ſlow-ey'd eaſe that droops the head,
Pale languor wrapp'd in thoughtleſs gaze,
And wild oblivion loſt in Fancy's boundleſs gaze.

SLOTH.

FLee Sloth, the canker of good men and parts,
Of health, of wealth, of honour, and of arts:
Such as court fame, muſt not their ſenſes pleaſe.
Her chariot lags, when drawn by Sloth and Eaſe.

This place ſo fit for undiſturb'd repoſe,
The god of ſloth for his aſylum choſe.
Upon a couch of down in theſe abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtleſs nods:
Indulging dreams his godhead lull'd at eaſe,
With murmurs of ſoft rills and whiſp'ring trees;
The poppy, and each gummy plant, diſpenſe
Their drowſy juices, and dull indolence.
No paſſions interrupt his eaſy reign;
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dull oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs bedew his gracious head.
Thus at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in eaſe, and ſlumb'ring life away.

SOCIETY.

WHat a helpleſs creature by himſelf
Is the proud lord of this inferior world,
Vain feeble man? The conquerors of nature,
Each wing that flies along the ſpacious ſky,
Is leſs dependent than their boaſting maſter.
Hail ſocial life! into thy pleaſing bounds

Again I come, to pay the common ſtock
My ſhare of ſervice, and, in glad return,
To taſte thy comforts, thy protected joys.

SOLDIER.

TO live and conquer, is the nobleſt fate ;
But the next glory is a gallant death :
Succeſs, O Jove ! and victory, are thine ;
Fortune is thine, my honour is my own :
Facing my doom with my drawn ſword I'll ſtand,
Nor turn my back upon the wrathful bolt.

SOLITUDE.

BEar me ſome God ! Oh quickly bear me hence,
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe,
Where Contemplation plumes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity kings.

O ſacred Solitude, divine retreat !
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great !
By thy pure ſtream, or in the waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid :
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth), are Innocence and Peace.
There from the ways of men, laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar ;
There, bleſs'd with health, with bus'neſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the next.

SORROW.

I Muſt confeſs, when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks; nor with a gilded phraſe
Expreſs how many hundred ſeveral ways
My heart was tortur'd; nor with arms acroſs
In diſcontented garb ſet forth my loſs.
Such loud expreſſions many times do come
From lighteſt hearts: great griefs are always dumb.
The ſhallow rivers roar, the deep are ſtill;
Numbers of painted words may ſhew much ſkill,
But little anguiſh; and a cloudy face
Is oft put on to ſerve both time and place:
The blazing wood may to the eye ſeem great,
But 'tis the fire wak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long: True ſorrow's like to wine;
That which is good, does never need a ſign.

CAVE *of* SPLEEN.

UMbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded eaſt is all the wind that blows.

Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head,
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face,
Here ſtood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into air, and languiſhes with pride.
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming wo,
Wrapp'd in a gown for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies:
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful as hermit's dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright as viſions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes in rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks.

STORY-TELLING.

A Story ſhould, to pleaſe, at leaſt ſeem true,
Be apropos, well told, conciſe, and new:
And whenſoe'er it deviates from theſe rules,
The wiſe will ſleep, and leave applauſe to fools.
But others, more intolerably yet,
The waggeries they've ſaid or heard, repeat;
Heavy by mem'ry made, and what's the worſt,
At ſecond hand, as often as at firſt.
And can even patience hear, without diſdain,
The maiming regiſter of ſenſe once ſlain?
While the dull features, big with archneſs, ſtrive
In vain the forc'd half-ſmile to keep alive.

SUN.

BUT yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt; the leſſ'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with gold, his near approach
Betoken glad: lo! now apparent all
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad,
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring ſtreams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime clearer light!

Of all material beings firſt and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting, beauty all were wrapp'd
In uneſſential gloom: and thou, O ſun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds, in whom beſt ſeen,
Shines out thy maker; may I ſing of thee!

SUPERFLUITY. (*How to be uſed.*)

DIſmiſs your paraſites who praiſe for hire,
And earn the fair eſteem of honeſt men,
Whoſe praiſe is fame; form'd of ſuch clay as yours,
The ſick, the needy, ſhiver at your gates.
Ev'n modeſt Want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with every charm,
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius whoſe neglected bloom
Unfoſter'd ſickens in the barren ſhade?
No worthy man by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Conſtrain'd to leave his natal happy ſeat,
And ſighs for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miſeries abound,
A thouſand ways to waſte ſuperfluous wealth,
Without one tool or flatt'rer at your board,
Without one hour of ſickneſs or diſguſt.

SWEARING.

OF all the nauſeous complicated crimes,
That both infect and ſtigmatize the times,
There's none that can with impious oaths compare,
Where vice and folly have an equal ſhare.

TASTE.

BUT not our paſſions only diſagree,
In taſte is found as great variety.
Sylvius is raviſh'd when he hears a hound;
His lady hates to death the odious ſound:
Yet both love muſic, tho' in different ways;
He in a kennel, ſhe at operas.
A floriſt ſhall, perhaps, not grudge ſome hours
To ſhew the colours in a bed of flowers;
Yet ſhew him Titian's workmanſhip divine.
He paſſes on, and only cries, 'Tis fine.

TEARS.

HIde not thy tears, weep boldly, — and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way.
'Tis Nature's mark to know an honeſt heart by.
Shame on thoſe breaſts of ſtone, that cannot melt,
In ſoft adoption of another's ſorrow.

TEMPERANCE.

BLeſs'd is the man, as far as earth can bleſs,
Whoſe meaſur'd paſſions reach no wild exceſs;

Who urg'd by Nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,
Nor other means than Nature's force employs:
While warm with youth the ſprightly current flows,
Each vivid ſenſe with vig'rous rapture glows;
And when he droops beneath the hand of age,
No vitious habit ſtings with fruitleſs rage;
Gradual his ſtrength, and gay ſenſations ceaſe,
While joys tumultuous ſink in ſilent peace.

THUNDER-STORM.

BUT, ſee exhaling from th' Atlantic ſurge,
Wide world of waters, diſtant clouds aſcend
In vap'ry confluence, deep'ning cloud on cloud;
Then rolling duſk along to eaſt and north,
As the blaſt bears them on its humid wing,
Draw total night and tempeſt o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beaſt, impreſs'd by Nature's hand,
In homeward warnings thro' each feeling nerve,
Haſte from the hour of terror and of ſtorm.
The thunder now, from forth his cloudy ſhrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where dread
And death attend the ſervants of his nod,
Firſt in deep murmurs ſounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awak'ning awful thought.
Dumb ſadneſs fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackneſs lours; the tempeſt ſwells;
And expectation ſhakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in duſky depth extend,
Broad o'er the ſouth; fermenting in their womb,

Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempeſt ſwells
Sulphureous ſteam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous ſoil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in ſlant ſtream, the ruddy flaſh,
Quick-glancing, ſpreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expanſive; ſheets the ſky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all ſides burning; now the face of things
Diſcloſing; ſwallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing burſts! air, ſea, and ſhore, reſound.
Horror ſits ſhudd'ring in the felon-breaſt,
And feels the dreadful flaſh before it flies:
Each ſleeping ſin, excited, ſtarts to view;
And all is ſtorm within. The murd'rer, pale
With conſcious guilt, tho' hid in deepeſt ſhade,
Hears and flies wild, purſu'd by all his fears:
And ſees the bleeding ſhadow of the ſlain
Riſe hideous, glaring on him thro' the gloom!
Hark! thro' th' aereal vault the ſtorm inflam'd,
Comes nearer, hoarſely loud, abrupt, and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal inceſſant, burſt on burſt;
Torn from its baſe, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos. — There it fell
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffuſion flaſh'd.
Deſtruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in ſmould'ring fires: ſurpris'd beneath,
The traveller, ill-omen'd, proſtrate falls
A livid corſe. Yon cottage flames to heav'n:

And in its fartheſt cell, to which the hours
All horrible had ſped their ſteps, behold
The parent breatheleſs lies; her orphan babes
Shuddering and ſpeechleſs round. — O power divine!
Whoſe will unerring points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand tho' terrible ſhall man decide,
If puniſhment or mercy dealt the blow?

TIME.

THE bell ſtrikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loſs. To give it then a tongue,
Is wiſe in man. As if an angel ſpoke,
I feel the ſolemn ſound: if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the ſignal that demands diſpatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down, on what! a fathomleſs abyſs;
And does eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner, on the bounties of an hour?

TOMB.

HAil midnight ſhades? hail venerable dome!
By age more venerable! ſacred ſhore,
Beyond time's troubled ſea, where never wave,
Where never wind of paſſion, or of guilt,

Of ſuffering or of ſorrow ſhall invade
The calm ſound night of thoſe that reſt below.
The weary are at peace: the ſmall and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here ſleeps the pris'ner ſafe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppreſſor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the ſons of mourning, fearleſs now
Of want or wo, find unalarm'd repoſe.
Proud greatneſs too, the tyranny of power,
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And name, and place, are here, — for ever loſt!

TRAITOR.

REmember him the villain, righteous heaven!
In thy great day of vengeance blaſt the traitor,
And his pernicious counſel, who, for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatneſs, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars.

O Portius! is there not ſome choſen curſe,
Some hidden thunder in the ſtores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blaſt the man
Who owes his greatneſs to his country's ruin?

TRUTH.

CUrſe on the coward and perfidious tongue,
That dares not, even to kings, avow the truth!
Let traitors wrap them in deluſive incenſe;

On flat'try flatt'ry heap, on falſehood falſehood:
Truth is the living liberal breath of heav'n,
That ſweeps theſe fogs away with all their vermin.

Truth, drawn like truth, muſt blaze divinely bright:
But, drawn like error, truth may cheat the ſight.
Some awkward epithet, with ſkill apply'd,
Some ſpecious hints, which half their meanings hid,
Can right and wrong moſt courteouſly confound,
Banditti like, to ſtun us ere they wound.

Let Envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus ſings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let Flatt'ry, ſickening, ſee the incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies. —

VANITY.

FOnd of one art, moſt men the reſt forego;
And all's ridiculous, but what they know.
Freely they cenſure lands they ne'er explore,
With tales they learn'd from coaſters on the ſhore;
As Afric's petty kings perhaps who hear
Of diſtant ſtates from ſome weak traveller,
Imperfect hints with eager ears devour,
And ſneer at Europe's fate, and Britain's pow'r.

VICISSITUDE.

FOR think how few the joys allow'd by fate,
How mix'd the cup, how ſhort their longeſt date!
How onward ſtill the ſtream of pleaſure flows!
That no reflux the rapid current knows!
Not even thy charms can bribe the ruthleſs hand
Of rigid Time, to ſtay his ebbing ſand.
Fair as thou art, that beauty muſt decay,
The night of age ſucceeds the brighteſt day:
That cheek where nature's ſweeteſt garden blows,
Her whiteſt lily, and her warmeſt roſe.
Thine eyes, thoſe meaning miniſters of love,
Who, what thy lips can only utter, prove;
Theſe muſt reſign their luſtre, thoſe their bloom,
And find, with meaner charms, one common doom.

VIRTUE.

HIM fortune cannot ſink, nor much elate,
Whoſe views extend beyond this mortal ſtate.
By age when ſummon'd to reſign his breath,
Calm and ſerene, he ſees approaching death,
As the ſafe port, the peaceful ſilent ſhore,
Where he may reſt, life's tedious voyage o'er.
He, and he only, is of death afraid,
Whom his own conſcience has a coward made:
While he who virtue's radiant courſe has run,
Deſcends like a ſerenely ſetting ſun,

His thoughts triumphant heav'n alone employs,
And hope anticipates his future joys.

There breathes a felt divinity in Virtue,
In candid, unaffuming, generous virtue,
Whofe very filence fpeaks; and which infpires,
Without proud formal leffons, a difdain
Of mean injurious Vice.

Virtue's foundations with the world were laid,
Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twifted clofe
Her facred int'refts with the ftrings of life:
Who breaks her awful mandate, fhocks himfelf,
His better felf; and is it greater pain,
Our foul fhould murmur, or our duft repine?
And one in their eternal war muft bleed.

Then know this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happinefs below!
That only point where human blifs ftands ftill,
And taftes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conftant pay receives,
Is blefs'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And, if it lofe, attended with no pain;
Without fatiety, tho' e'er fo blefs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diftreſs'd:
The broadeft mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Lefs pleafing far than virtue's very tears:

Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more virtue is to gain.

GODDESS *of* LIBERTY.

On virtue can alone my kingdom ſtand;
For loſt this ſocial cement of mankind,
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder looſe away, till, unſuſtain'd,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſs'd by virtue, government's a league
Becomes a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild, a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without it ſenates, but a face
Of conſultation deep, and reaſon free,
While the determin'd voice, and heart are ſold?
What boaſted freedom, but a ſounding name?
And what election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve in ſtates;
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
Even juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,
Their weak authority protects no more,

Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves;
Rapine, and guile, and violence break looſe,
Confounding life, and turning love to gall:
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
Hide in their ſavage haunts no beaſt ſo fell.

Virtue (for mere good-nature is a tool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it, ſome great ones dare:
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth;
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy, and all-ſapping Time.
The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue may chuſe a high or low degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's ſtill the ſame belov'd contented thing.

With glitt'ring beams, and native glory bright,
Virtue nor darkneſs dreads nor covets light;
But from her ſettled orb, looks calmly down
On life, or death, a priſon, or a crown.

WANT.

WAnt is a bitter and a hateful good,
Becauſe its virtues are not underſtood:
Yet many things impoſſible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the ſoul proceeds from thence,
Sharpneſs of wit, and active diligence:
Prudence at once and fortitude it gives:
And if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For even that indigence, which brings me low,
Makes me myſelf, and him above to know,
A good which none would challenge, few would chuſe,
A fair poſſeſſion which mankind refuſe.
If we from wealth to poverty deſcend,
Want gives to know the flatt'rer from the friend.

WAR.

UNchain'd Bellona from her temple ruſhes,
With all the crimes and vices in her train;
Earth fades at her approach: to rural Peace,
Fair Plenty, and the ſocial joy of cities,
Soon will ſucceed rage, rapine, devaſtation,
Each cruel horror ſanctify'd by names.

O mortals! mortals! when will you, content
With Nature's bounty, that in full flow,
Still as your labours open more its ſources,
Abundant guſhes on the happy world;
When will you baniſh violence and outrage
To dwell with beaſts of prey in woods and deſerts?

O call th' inſpiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train,
From yon ſteep rock's high arching brow,
Pour'd on the heart-ſtruck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd ſpear
Hung o'er the trembling rear;
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong flight:
Yon towers then rung with wild alarms,
Yon deſert gleam'd with ſhining arms;
While on the bleak hills bright'ning ſpire,
Bold Vict'ry flam'd with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celeſtial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with ſpangled gold.
She ſpoke: her words infus'd reſiſtleſs might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the ſoul of fight.

WISDOM.

WIſdom's an evenneſs of mind and ſoul,
A ſteady temper which no cares controul;
No paſſions ruffle, no deſires inflame;
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

WIT.

TRue Wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes,
Dazzling our minds, ſets off the ſlighteſt rhyme,
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment gone;
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun.

Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines deſtroys.
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant like the ſource of day;
Like this it beams prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wint'ry paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.

The rays of wit gild whereſoe'er they ſtrike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raiſe a foe as often as a friend;
Like the reſiſtleſs beams of blazing light,
That chear the ſtrong, and pain the weaker ſight.

O father, ſays Dick, could you taſte the delight
That myſelf and companions enjoy all the night,

Were you once but to hear the conundrums and quibbles,
The retorts, and the puns, the lampoons, and the libels,
The rhymes, repetitions, the ſongs, and the catches,
The whims, and the flirts, and the ſmart witty touches,
That over the flaſk we moſt lovingly vent,
You would think a whole night moſt gloriouſly ſpent;
And would gueſs by our wit, and the courſe that we follow,
We could all be no leſs than the ſons of Apollo.
Ah, Dick, ſays the father, take care I intreat ye,
Thou'dſt better be hang'd of the two than be witty;
For if thou'rt once thought, by thy ſtudies and labours,
To've acquired more wit than the reſt of thy neighbours,
Thou'lt be p—'d on by fools, and be fear'd by thy betters,
And hunted about by wh——s, bailiffs, and ſetters;
Thy lodging muſt be in ſome nine-penny garret,
Thy drink porter's guzzle much oft'ner than claret:
Thy coat muſt thro' all the four ſeaſons be worn,
Till 'tis robb'd of its nap, like a ſheep newly ſhorn:
You muſt always ſeem pleaſant, that is, if you can,
Keep your wits ready prim'd for a flaſh in the pan:
When your pockets are empty, your brains muſt project
Puns, quibbles, and tales to ſupply the defect;
That whenever you meet with a generous chub,
You may ſneak out a jeſt in the room of your club:
For a wit is no more but a merry Tom Fool,
A ſatirical ſcourger, or flattering tool. ——

WIT FEMALE.

FLavia's a wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her ſtars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live;"
Then all for Death, that opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A ſpark too fickle, or a ſpouſe too kind.
Wiſe wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
Who purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

WOMAN.

IN life, how weak, how helpleſs is a woman?
Soon hurt, in happineſs itſelf unſafe,
And often wounded, while ſhe plucks the roſe;
So property the object of affliction,
That heaven is pleas'd to make diſtreſs become her,
And dreſſes her moſt amiably in tears.

Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends,
Women, like princes, find few real friends;
All who approach them their own ends purſue,
Lovers and miniſters are ſeldom true;

Hence oft from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays;
Hence by fond dreams of fancy'd pow'r amus'd,
When moſt you tyrannize you're moſt abus'd.

WORDS.

IN all your words let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe, and ſink in ſound:
Harſh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear;
None pleaſe the fancy which offend the ear.

ZIMRI.

IN the firſt ranks of theſe did Zimri ſtand,
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and nothing long:
But, in the courſe of one revolving moon,
Was chymiſt, fiddler, ſtateſman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
Beſides ten thouſand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſs'd madman, who could every hour employ,
With ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy:
Railing and praiſing were his uſual themes,
And both, to ſhew his judgment in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man, with him, was god or devil.

PART II.

AMAZEMENT.

——ADam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood, and blank; while horror chill
Ran thro' his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale. MILTON.

ART.

WHat lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man, for pleaſure, wealth, or war:
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand.
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glitt'ring ſpires.
Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majeſtic riſe;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
The narrow deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn, to delicate and grand,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,

Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High thro' mid air, here ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, there, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; there, vaſt oceans join
Thro' kingdoms channell'd deep from ſhore to ſhore,
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! their roar amidſt,
Outſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; new reſtraints obey." YOUNG.

ASTROLOGER.

AN inner room receives the num'rous ſhoals
Of ſuch as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes ſtand on globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary ſchemes amuſe the eye.
The ſage in velvet chair here lolls at eaſe,
To promiſe future health for preſent fees;
Then, as from tripod, ſolemn ſhams reveals,
And what the ſtars know nothing of foretels.
One aſks, how ſoon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire, when courteous fate will ſtrike 'em off;

Some, by what means they may redreſs their wrong,
When fathers the poſſeſſions keep too long:
As ſome would know the iſſue of their cauſe,
And whether gold can ſolder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To loſe by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Porcia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curſe, and begs a ſon:
Whilſt Iris his coſmetic waſh would try
To make her bloom revive, and lover die.
Some aſk for charms, and others philtres chuſe,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans loſe.
Young Hylas, blotch'd with ſtains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful flame:
Cloy'd with deſire, and ſurfeited with charms,
A hot houſe he prefers to Julia's arms:
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the ſparks of love.

GARTH.

AUTHOR.

LOok thro' the world —— in every other trade
The ſame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made;
At leaſt appearance of good-will creates;
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage.

The pride of nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit.
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperial call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.

CHURCHILL.

BEAUTY.

MAy my ſong ſoften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And ev'ry nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſs'd in love
She ſits high ſmiling in the conſcious eye. THOMSON.

CANTING TEACHER.

——— Here Gamaliel ſage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod
Trains up his babes of grace, inſtructed well
In all the gainful diſcipline of prayer,

To point the holy leer, by juſt degrees
To cloſe the twinkling eye, t'expand the palms,
T'expoſe the whites, and with the ſightleſs ball
To glare upon the croud, to raiſe or ſink
The docile voice; now murmuring ſoft and low
With inward accent calm, and then again,
In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence,
Let looſe the ſtorm, and thunder through the noſe
The threaten'd vengeance. SOMERVILLE.

CHARIOT.

— FOrth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars, their bodies all,
And wings, were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament;
Whereon a ſaphir throne inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the ſhow'ry arch.
He, in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.

Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſaints,
He onward came; far off his coming ſhone,
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtalline ſky, in ſaphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide; but by his own
Firſt ſeen: them unexpected joy ſurpris'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
Aloft by angels borne, his ſign in heav'n;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th'uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.

MILT. PAR. LOST.

CHASTITY.

—— She has a hidden ſtrength,
Which, if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in complete ſteel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge foreſts, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and ſandy perilous wilds;

Where through the ſacred rays of chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to ſoil her virgin purity:
Yea, there where very Deſolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench'd majeſty,
Be it not done in pride or in preſumption.
Some ſay, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or mooriſh fen,
Blue meagre hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt,
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. ——
What was that ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence,
With ſudden adoration, and blank awe.
So dear to heav'n is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand livery'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heavenly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,

And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal. MILTON's COMUS.

CONSCIENCE.

GIve me a horſe. —— Bind up my wounds:
Have mercy, heaven! ha! ſoft! 'twas but a dream,
But, then ſo terrible, it ſhakes my ſoul:
Cold drops of ſweat hang on my trembling fleſh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.
O tyrant conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man, and fate do thou diſpoſe me.
CIBBER's Rich. III.

CONTENT.

THE turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequeſter'd in ſome ſhadowy vale;
The lark in radiant æther flotes,
And ſwells his wild ecſtatic notes:
Mean while on yonder hawthorn ſpray
The linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no ſolitary ſhade,
She flutters o'er no ſunſhine mead,
No love-lorn griefs depreſs her ſong,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But ſoft ſhe trills amid th'ærial throng,
Smooth ſimple ſtrains of ſob'reſt harmony.

Sweet bird! like thine our lay ſhall flow,
Nor gaily loud, nor ſadly ſlow;
For to thy note, ſedate and clear,
Content ſtill lends a liſt'ning ear.
Reclin'd this moſſy bank along,
Oft has ſhe heard thy eaſy ſong:
Why hears not now? What fairer grove
From Harewood lures her devious love?
What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
More ſhadowy bowers, inviting ſoft repoſe,
More ſtreams ſlow wand'ring thro' her winding vales.
Perhaps to ſome lone cave the rover flies,
Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies.
For, ſcorning oft the gorgeous hall,
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,
There will the meek-ey'd nymph delight to call,
And with the ſolemn ſeer high converſe hold.

There, goddeſs, on the ſhaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around,
Where pendant mountains o'er your head
Stretch their formidable ſhade;
You liſten, while the holy ſeer
Slowly chaunts his veſpers clear;
Or of his ſparing meſs partake,
The ſav'ry pulſe, the wheaten cake,
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.
Then, riſing light, your hoſt you bleſs,

And o'er his ſaintly temples bland diſtil
Seraphic day-dreams of heaven's happineſs.

Where-e'er thou art, inchanting maid,
Thou ſoon wilt ſmile in Harewood's ſhade:
Soon will thy fairy feet be ſeen,
Printing this dew-impearled green;
Soon ſhall we mark thy geſtures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,
What time thou ſeek'ſt, with willing haſte,
Thy lovelieſt throne, Elfrida's breaſt.
There ſeated on that iv'ry ſhrine,
Where all the loves and graces lie,
With them your hands ſhall mutual chaplets twine,
And weave immortal wreaths of peace and joy.

MASON's Elfrida.

CRITIC.

A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed merit up to fame:
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No ſervile rules drew ſickly Taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our critics bawl
In praiſe of candour with a heart of gall.
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night:
Safe from detection, ſeize th'unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.

CHURCHILL.

DISEASE.

DIſeaſe! thou ever moſt propitious power,
Whoſe kind indulgence we diſcern each hour;
Thou well canſt boaſt thy num'rous pedigree,
Begot by ſloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy proweſs reigns,
But flies the humble ſheds of cottage-ſwains.
To you ſuch might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the ſtrong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vaſſals only kind.
And in return all diligence we pay,
To fix your empire, and confirm your ſway.

Nigh the receſs of chaos and dull day,
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic ſway,
In the cloſe covert of a cypreſs grove,
Where goblins friſk, and airy ſpectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave moſt formidably wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are deſcry'd.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch, and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with ſickly rays ſcarce ſeem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
Old mould'ring urns, pale fear, and dark diſtreſs,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws thoſe furies wait,
Which execute the harſh decree of fate.

Febris is firſt: the hag relentleſs hears
The virgin's ſighs, and ſees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign,
And reſtleſs ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongſt the throng;
Bloated and big, ſhe ſlowly ſails along:
But, like a miſer, in exceſs ſhe's poor,
And pines for thirſt amidſt her wat'ry ſtore.
Now loathſome Lepra, that offenſive ſpright,
With foul eruptions ſtain'd, offends the ſight;
Still deaf to beauty's ſoft perſuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom ſecure.
Whilſt meagre Phthiſis gives a ſilent blow,
Her ſtrokes are ſure, but her advances ſlow.
No loud alarms nor fierce aſſaults are ſhown:
She ſtarves the fortreſs firſt, then takes the town.
Behind ſtood crouds of much inferior name,
Too num'rous to re[illegible] nor thing run
The vaſſals of the[illegible]; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Who, at his nod, [illegible] fragrance after ſhow'rs;
[illegible]'d; nor ſilent night,

EVENING.

NOw came ſtill evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her ſober livery all things clad:
Silence accompany'd; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts,
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her am'rous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament

With living ſaphirs : HESPERUS, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon,
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve : Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe ; ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſſive ; and the timely dew of ſleep,
Now falling with ſoft ſlumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids ; other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt :
Man hath his daily work of body, or mind,
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range,
OH man, degenerate man ! [illegible] count.
Go learn from brutes, thy [illegible] the eaſt
Shall theſe thro' ev'ry tribe his bo[illegible]be ris'n,
And [illegible] works, ungrateful [illegible]
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly, and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe :
Mean-while, as nature wills, night bids us reſt.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bid'ſt,
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge, and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time;
All ſeaſons, and their change, all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds; *nor riſing* ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew; nor fragrance after ſhow'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.

MILTON'S PAR. LOST.

GHOST.

BE thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring'ſt with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from [hell,
Be thy advent wicked or charitable,

Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. Oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in earth,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Has op'd its ponderous and marble jaws,
To give thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again in complete ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

SHAKESP. HAMLET.

GOD.

OH man, degenerate man! offend no more!
Go learn from brutes, thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe thro' ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind, when ſovereign GOODNESS charms the eyes!
Mark, even the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares, — his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recall the fugitive with gracious eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs — amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!

GOLD.

——— What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
—— Thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why this? what this? you gods! why this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides;
Pluck ſtout mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd,
Make the hoar leproſy adorn'd, place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench.

SHAKESP. TIMON.

GREATNESS.

——— Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf doth, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would uſe his heaven for thunder.
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Splitt'ſt the unwedgeable and knarl'd oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle. O, but man! proud man!
Dreſs'd in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd!
But glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,

Plays ſuch phantaſtic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep. —— SHAKESPEAR.

HELL.

THE Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midſt came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th'antagoniſt of heav'n, nor leſs
Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp ſupreme,
And godlike imitated ſtate. Him round
A globe of fiery ſeraphim inclos'd,
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry,
With trumpet's regal ſound the great reſult:
Tow'rds the four winds four ſpeedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy,
By heralds voice explain'd: the hollow abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim.

Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomewhat rais'd
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Diſband, and wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,

Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' OLYMPIAN games, or PYTHIAN fields:
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their ſpears,
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt TYPHÆAN rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when ALCIDES, from ŒCHALIA crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th'invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots THESSALIAN pines;
And LICHAS from the top of ŒTA threw
Into th' EUBOIC ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing,
With notes angelical to many a harp,
Their own heroic deeds, and hapleſs fall
By doom of battle; and complain, that fate
Free virtue ſhould inthral to force or chance.
Their ſong was partial; but the harmony
(What could it leſs when ſpirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience: in diſcourſe more ſweet,
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe).
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and apathy, and glory and ſhame;
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy!
Yet, with a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguiſh; and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th'obdured breaſt
With ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, (if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation), bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred STYX, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad ACHERON, of ſorrow, black and deep;
COCYTUS, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream; fierce FLEGETHON,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
LETHE, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood, a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms

Of whirlwind, and dire hail; which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile: all elſe deep ſnow and ice:
A gulf profound! as that SERBONIAN bog
Betwixt DAMIATA, and mount CASIUS old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th'effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft etherial warmth, and there to pine,
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this LETHEAN ſound,
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and wo,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
MEDUSA with GORGONIAN terror guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of TANTALUS. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands,
With ſhudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale

They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death:
A univerſe of death! which GOD by curſe
Created evil; for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable; and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
GORGONS, and HYDRAS, and CHIMÆRAS dire.

HEAVEN.

THere's a perpetual ſpring, perpetual youth,
No joint-benumming cold, nor ſcorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there:
Forget for ſhame your Tempe, bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Heſperian orchards;
The golden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require Hercules to keep it,
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there,
Deſerves not to be nam'd. The power I ſerve
Laughs at your happy Arabic, or the
Elyſian ſhades; for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

HOPE.

O Thou that gladd'ſt the penſive breaſt;
More than Aurora's ſmile the pilgrim lorn

Left all night long to mourn
Amidſt the horrors of the dreary waſte;
Where ſavage howls, as intermits the ſtorm,
Wide o'er the wilderneſs reſound from far,
And croſs the gloom darts many a grifly form,
And fire-ey'd viſages horrific ſtare;
Hail, goddeſs, friend of human race!
Hail! for thou oft thy ſuppliant's vow haſt heard,
And oft with ſmiles indulgent chear'd
His doubting ſoul to peace.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep-flaſhing through the midnight of their mind,
The ſable bands, combin'd
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troublous ſky,
Appall'd retire: Suſpicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely-glaring eye to raiſe;
Deſpair with gorgon-figur'd veil o'erſpread
Speeds to Cocytus' ſhriek-reſounding maze;
Lo, ſtartled at the heavenly ray
With haſte unwonted indolence upſprings,
And heaving lifts her leaden wings,
And ſullen glides away. BEATTIE.

HUNTING *the* FOX.

FAR o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dang'rous is our courſe; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the ſtream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch

Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy ſteep,
Where the poor dizzy ſhepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we ſweep, as ſtoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the ſwift motion ſlung, we mount aloft;
So ſhips in winter ſeas now ſliding ſink
Adown the ſteepy wave, then toſs'd on high
Ride on the billows, and defy the ſtorm.
What lengths we paſs! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us, bewilder'd? Smooth as ſwallows, ſkim
The new-ſhorn mead, and far more ſwift we fly.
See my brave pack, how to the head they preſs,
Juſtling in cloſe array. Then more diffuſe,
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage ſteer, with wanton wing
Their figure often change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide ſtraggling o'er the plain!
The panting courſer now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring ſpur,
Makes many a faint effort; he ſnorts, he foams;
The big round drops run trickling down his ſides,
With ſweat and blood diſtain'd. ——

Here, huntſman, from yon height
Obſerve yon birds of prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks; they hover round,

And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See, there he creeps along, his bruſh he drags,
And ſweeps the mire impure; from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoiſten'd hangs; ſymptoms too ſure
Of ſudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black deſpair: but one looſe more, and all
His wiles are vain: hark! thro' yon village, how
The ratt'ling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafleſs elms return the joyous ſounds.
Thro' ev'ry homeſtall, and through ev'ry yard,
His midnight-walks, panting forlorn he flies:
Thro' ev'ry hole he ſneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades beſmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a ſuperior ſtench to loſe his own.
But, faithful to the track, the faithful hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance cloſe purſue:
And now diſtreſs'd, no ſhelt'ring covert near,
Into the hen-rooſt creeps, whoſe wall with gore
Diſtain'd, atteſts his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deſerv'd; and ſoon from thence
The pack inquiſitive, with clamour loud
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy tranſport feaſt. In bolder notes
Each ſounding horn proclaims the felon dead;
And all th' aſſembled village ſhouts for joy.

SOMERVILLE.

HUNTING *the* BOAR.

NOW the fierce Arab
Mounts his neighing ſteed, and with his troop
Of bold compeers, ranges the deſerts wild,
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his utrodden courſe; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, on the high rolling waves of ſand,
Immers'd, and loſt. While theſe intrepid bands,
Safe in their horſes ſpeed, outfly the ſtorm,
And ſcouring round make men and beaſts their prey,
The griſly boar is ſingled from his herd,
As large as that in Erymanthian wood,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circle wide, and each in paſſing ſends
His feather'd death into his brawny ſides.
But perilous the attempt; for if the ſteed
Haply too near approach, or the looſe earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beaſt
Th' advantage ſpies, and at one ſide-long glance
Rips up his groin: wounded he rears aloft,
And plunging from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding ſpurns the ground,
And drags his reeking intrails o'er the plain.
Mean while, the ſurly monſter trots along,
But with unequal ſpeed; for ſtill they wound,
Swift wheeling in the ſpacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears: adown
His tortur'd ſides the crimſon torrents roll

From many a gaping font; and now at laſt
Stagg'ring he falls, in blood and foam expires.

INTEMPERANCE.

——— War its thouſands ſlays,
Peace its ten thouſands: In th' embattled plain
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there ſo abſolute,
So mercileſs, as in yon frantic ſcenes
Of midnight and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawleſs love,
He ſnares the ſimple youth, who nought ſuſpecting
Means to be bleſs'd — but finds himſelf undone.
Down the ſmooth ſtream of life the ſtripling darts
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal ſky,
Hope ſwells his ſails, and paſſion ſteers his courſe;
Safe glides his little bark along the ſhore,
Where Virtue takes her ſtand; but if too far
He lanches forth beyond Diſcretion's mark,
Sudden the tempeſt ſcowls, the ſurges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O ſad, but ſure miſchance!

LEVIATHAN.

GO to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide;
With ſlender hair leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.

Will he become thy ſervant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
At full my large leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize.
Who great in arms e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhall'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crouding rows on rows.
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great ſuperior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light;

Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
Large is his front; and when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted volleys ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought, with white, divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face:
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race. YOUNG.

MELANCHOLY.

HEnce all ye vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If man were wiſe to ſee it,
But only melancholy,
O ſweeteſt melancholy!

Welcome with folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's faſten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound;
Fountain heads and pathleſs groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves;
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd ſave bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon;
Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill gloomy valley,
Nothing's ſo dainty, ſweet, as lovely melancholy.

Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on th' earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare F[illegible], that oft with gods doth diet.

MILTON'S IL PENSEROSO.

MIRTH.

WHether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh-blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonnair.
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free. MILTON's L'ALLEGRO.

MODESTY.

SO ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Ent'ring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe; which Eve

Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddeſs-like demeanor forth ſhe went;
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited ſtill,
And from about her ſhot darts of deſire
Into all eyes, to wiſh her ſtill in ſight.

MILTON.

MORNING.

Hail to thy living light,
Ambroſial morn! all hail thy roſeat ray:
That bids gay nature all her charms diſplay,
In varied beauty bright;

That bids each dewy-ſpangled flowret riſe,
And dart around its vermeil dies;
Bids ſilver luſtre grace yon ſparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountain's ſide.

Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whoſe vagrant feet have trac'd your ſecret haunt
Beſide ſome lonely wall,
Or ſhatter'd ruin of a moſs-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's ſtilleſt hour,
Thro' each rough chink the ſolemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away, ye elves, away:
Shrink at ambroſial morning's living ray;
That living ray, whoſe power benign
Unfolds the ſcene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artleſs majeſty,
The cherub Beauty ſits on Nature's ruſtic ſhrine.

MASON'S Elfrida.

MORNING.

NOW morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light, from pure digeſtion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, (Aurora's fan),

Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on every bough ; ſo much the more
His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve,
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt : he, on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then, with voice
Mild, as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus : Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight !
Awake : the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us ; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet. PAR. LOST.

M U S E.

THE muſe's office was by heaven deſign'd,
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform mankind ;
To make dejected Virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid Vice ;
To make pale Vice abaſh'd her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, ſhe bids eternal ſhame,
With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the villain's name.

Now in the milder garb of ridicule
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe wounds the fool.
Her ſhape is often varied ; but her aim,
To prop the cauſe of virtue ſtill the ſame.
In praiſe of virtue let the guilty bawl,
When vice and folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpares.

MUSIC.

DRYDEN'S fine ODE.

'TWas at the royal feaſt for Perſia, won
By Philip's warlike ſon ;
Aloft in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſat,
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound,
(So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride ;
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deſerves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joy inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove,
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god,
Sublime on radiant ſpires he rode,
While he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And while he ſought her ſnowy breaſt ;
Then round her ſlender waſte he curl'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſovereign of the world ;
The liſt'ning croud admire the lofty ſound,
A preſent deity, they ſhout around :
A preſent deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face ;
Now gives the hautboys breath, he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus's bleſſings are his treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldiers pleaſure,
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride:
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung, Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt looks the joyleſs victor ſat,

Revolving in his alter'd ſoul,
The various turns of chance below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move,
For pity moves the ſoul to love.
Softly ſweet, in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures:
War, he ſung, its toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning;
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe:
So love was crown'd, but muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length, with wine and love at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.
Now ſtrike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain;

Break his bonds of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head ;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See, the furies ariſe :
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh in their eyes.
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious, on the plain !
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew :
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods ;
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute,
And ſounding lyre,
Cou'd ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.

NIGHTINGALE, &c.

SWeet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs of the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth ſhaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Thro' the heavens wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud. MILTON.

PAINTINGS *in the* ESCURIAL.

HOW lovely ſacred portraiture appears!
What heavenly charms the bright deluſion wears!
Lo, unveil'd glories blaze, to ſenſe confeſs'd,
Their dazzling forms in ſhape and colours dreſs'd!
Seraphs around, in ſapphire ſhades, are ſpread;
And ſky-dipt pencils the rich purple ſhed.

Scene after ſcene my raviſh'd eyes purſue ;
One ſcarce enjoy'd, another tempts the view.
Here clouds, in ſtreams of gold, are taught to flow :
See Paul entranc'd, in beamy raptures glow !
There, on freſh flowers repos'd, pale martyrs plain ;
Yet new to bliſs, and languiſhing with pain ;
Soft cherubs healing air, and harps, apply ;
And circling triumphs croud the pitying ſky.
Beneath, on earth behold an humbler ſcene ;
The meek Meſſiah with his pilgrim train !
Diſeaſe, retiring, owns his dread command ;
And Health and Light flow from his potent hand.
There myſtic nuptials ſerious mirth allow ;
Ambitious chaplets wreath his awful brow.
Angels in ſilent ſtreams ſtrange nectar pour,
And unſeen cluſters yield a purple ſhow'r.
The wond'ring gueſts perceive th' inſpiring juice ;
And ſparkling cups celeſtial joys infuſe.
The funerals paſt, here they deſpair of aid ;
While mourning loves his tardy ſteps upbraid.
But ſee, he comes ! ſee from the yawning tomb,
The riſing youth, like new-born lilies bloom !
The frighted ſiſters ſhake, with pleaſing dread ;
And tender ſhrieks ſalute the wak'ning dead ;
What ſmiling graces my bleſs'd eyes invade !
Hail, bright Maria ! hail, celeſtial ſhade !
Here virgin innocence, and love divine,
Mix'd in one face, in ſweet confuſion ſhine ;
And, ſoftly varying blend, in doubtful red,
The tender mother with the bluſhing maid.

Such glorious forms the guilty temples ſtain;
And crouds, adoring, lift their hands in vain.
Thus ancient Greece preſum'd with flattering ſkill,
Minerva's awful beauties to reveal;
Into the manſions of the gods to pry,
And paint the pow'rs conceal'd within the ſky.
Bold Plato thus his ſhadowy ſcience taught,
And Athens prais'd the new harmonious thought.
Vain theft of human art! no paint can ſhow,
No words can figure, what no mortals know.
Poorly, our faint ideas all combine,
To form an image of the pow'r divine.
He only his own likeneſs can expreſs,
And radiant image in full glory dreſs;
New-mold the clay, and with his fingers trace
His bright reſemblance, on the ſtubborn maſs;
Thoſe heavenly colours on thy mind revive,
Inform the heart, and teach the ſoul to live.

PARADISE.

SO on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns with her incloſure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a ſteep wilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
With thicket overgrown, groteſque and wild,
Acceſs deny'd; and overhead up-grew
Inſuperable height of loftieſt ſhade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,

A ſylvan ſcene ; and as the ranks aſcend,
Shade above ſhade, a woody theatre
Of ſtatelieſt view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of paradiſe up-ſprung :
Which to our general ſire gave proſpect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodlieſt trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
Bloſſoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd :
On which the ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath ſhower'd the earth ; ſo lovely ſeem'd
That landſcape : and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inſpires
Vernal delight, and joy, able to drive
All ſadneſs, but deſpair : now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
Thoſe balmy ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Beyond the CAPE OF HOPE, and now are paſt
MOZAMBIC, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
SABÆAN odours, from the ſpicy ſhore
Of ARABY THE BLESS'D ; with ſuch delay
Well-pleas'd, they ſlack their courſe, and many a league,
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell, old Ocean ſmiles.

POPE'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FAther of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or *Lord!*

Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood,
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,

And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, Oh teach my heart
Still in the right to ſtay ;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart
To find that better way !

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſconte nt,
At ought thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I ſee ;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus let all being raiſe !
All Nature's incenſe riſe !

REPORT.

OPen your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour ſpeaks?
I from the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſehold? From Rumour's tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.

SHAKESP. K. Henry IV.

REASON.

WHat the grave triflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word reaſon, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis lord chief juſtice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age and youth,
The friend of virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow whoſe ſacred power I feel;
To her deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds, in vain,
Should tempt me to reſume my pen again:
By her abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue.
If Reaſon's for me, God is for me too. CHURCHILL.

SATAN.

——— He, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than archangel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: as when the ſun new riſen
Looks thro' the horizontal miſty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' archangel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd, and care

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſid'rate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits, for his fault amerc'd
Of heaven, and from eternal ſplendors flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, tho' bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath.

MILTON'S PAR. LOST.

SATAN's REPLY *to* BEELZEBUB's Speech.

FAll'n cherub, to be weak is miſerable,
Doing or ſuffering: but of this be ſure,
To do ought good never will be our taſk,
But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we reſiſt. If then his providence
Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, (if I fail not), and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.

But ſee! the angry Victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit,
Back to the gates of heav'n: the ſulph'rous hail,
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning, and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves;
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there;
And reaſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy; our own loſs how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.

——— Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have ſcap'd the Stygian flood,
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal pow'r.

SATAN's SOLILOQUY.

IS this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt archangel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for heav'n? this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo, ſince he
Who now is ſov'reign can diſpoſe, and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! hail horrors! hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundeſt hell,
Receive thy new poſſeſſor! one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' almighty hath not built
Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more

With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n, or what more loſt in hell?

MILTON.

SATAN's *Paſſage to earth through Chaos.*

THE wary fiend ſtood on the brink of hell,
And look'd a while into this wild abyſs,
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to paſs: nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with ſmall), than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her batt'ring engines, bent to raze
Some capital city; or leſs than if this frame
Of heav'n were falling, and theſe elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground: thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair aſcending, rides
Audacious; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: all unawares,
Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurry'd him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy ſyrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land. Nigh founder'd, on he fares,

Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold; ſo eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way;
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne thro' the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd,
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign: and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon: Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.

MILTON.

SOUL's IMMORTALITY.

IT muſt be ſo — Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well:
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after imortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſhudders at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud,
Thro' all her works), he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when! or where! —— This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures — this * muſt end them.
Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this † informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,

* A ſword.

† Plato on the immortality of the ſoul.

Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.

ADDISON.

SUPERSTITION.

PErmit me, Muſe, ſtill farther to explore,
And turn the leaves of Superſtition o'er;
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
Chaos of zeal and blindneſs, mirth and wo;
Viſions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
That hot from hell war at a finger burn'd;
Bottles of precious tears that ſaints have wept,
And breath a thouſand years in phials kept;
Sun-beams ſent down to prop one friar's ſtaff,
And hell broke looſe to make another laugh;
Obedient fleas, and ſuperſtitious mice,
Confeſſing wolves, and ſanctifying l—ce;
Letters and hereſies by an angel carried;
And, wondrous! virgin-nuns to Jeſus married.
One monk, not knowing how to ſpend his time,
Sits down to find out ſome unheard-of crime;
Increaſes the large catalogue of ſins,
And, where the ſober finiſh, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is paſt,
For the firſt crime as fix'd as for the laſt.
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with falſe religion for the true;
He expertly uſhers to the bleſs'd abodes,
Weighs all the niceties of forms and modes,

And makes the rugged paths ſo ſmooth and even,
None but an ill-bred man can miſs of heaven.
One, heaven-inſpir'd, invents a frock or hood:
The tailor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his ſtockings, breeches, ſhirt,
Becauſe he thinks that virtue dwells with dirt:
While all concur to take away the ſtreſs
From weightier points, and lay it on the leſs.
Anxious each paltry relic to preſerve
Of him, whoſe hungry friends they leave to ſtarve;
Haraſs'd by watchings, abſtinence, and chains;
Stranger to joys, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With ſtricteſt care, and only miſs the end.
Can ſcripture teach us, or can ſenſe perſuade,
That man for ſuch employments e'er was made?

STILLINGFLEET.

TIME.

BUT now the mantling flames in concourſe join,
And deep deſcending ſeize the burning mine;
Its richeſt treaſures aid the mounting blaze,
'Twas all confuſion, tumult, and amaze.
When lo! a cloud juſt op'ning on the view,
Illum'd, with dazzling light, th'ethereal blue!
On its broad breaſt a mighty angel came,
His eyes were lightning, and his robes of flame;
O'er all his form the circling glories run,
And his face lighten'd as the blazing ſun;

His limbs with heav'n's aereal veſture glow,
And o'er his head was hung the ſweepy bow.
As ſhines the bright'ning ſteel's refulgent gleam,
When the ſmooth blade reflects the ſpangling beam,
Its light with quicken'd glance the eye ſurveys,
Green, gold, and vermil, trembling as it plays;
So flam'd his wings along th' ethereal road,
And earth's long ſhores reſounded as he trod.
Sublime he tower'd! keen terror arm'd his eyes,
And graſp'd the redd'ning bolt that rends the ſkies;
One foot ſtood firmly on th' extended plain
Secure, and one repell'd the bounding main,
He ſhook his arm; — the lightning burſt away,
Through heav'n's dark concave gleam'd the paly ray,
Roar'd the loud bolt tremendous, through the gloom,
And peals on peals prepare th' impending doom.
Then to his lips a mighty trump apply'd,
(The flames were ceas'd, the mutt'ring thunder dy'd),
While all th' involving firmaments rebound,
He rais'd his voice, and labour'd in the ſound:
Theſe dreadful words he ſpoke ——

" Be dark, thou ſun, in one eternal night!
" And ceaſe, thou moon, to rule with paler light!
" Ye planets, drop from theſe diſſolving ſkies,
" Rend, all ye tombs; and, all ye dead, ariſe!
" Ye winds, be ſtill; ye tempeſts, rave no more!
" And roll, thou deep, thy millions to the ſhore!
" Earth, be diſſolv'd, with all theſe worlds on high!
" And Time, be loſt in vaſt Eternity!

" Now, by creation's dread tremendous fire,
" Who ſweeps theſe ſtars as atoms, in his ire;
" By heav'n's omnipotent, unconquer'd king;
" By him who rides the rapid whirlwind's wing;
" Who reigns ſupreme in his auguſt abode,
" Forms or confounds with one commanding nod;
" Who wraps in black'ning clouds his awful brow,
" Whoſe glance, like lightning, looks all nature thro':
" By him I ſwear," (He paus'd, and bow'd the head,
Then rais'd aloft his flaming hand, and ſaid),
" Attend ye ſaints, who in ſeraphic lays
" Exalt his name, but tremble while you praiſe:
" Ye hoſts, that bow to your almighty Lord,
" Hear, all his works, th' irrevocable word!
" Thy reign, O man, and earth, thy days are o'er!
" I ſwear by him, that Time ſhall be no more."
He ſpoke: (all nature groan'd a loud reply);
Then ſhook the ſun, and tore him from the ſky.

OGILVIE.

TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd ſon of light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks, unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye hoſt of ſaints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,

Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with mercy's beam this gath'ring cloud of fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height,
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend.
" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
" Or ſaint to hear, or angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne.
Where ay ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd,
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear,
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

" Attend, ye ſons of men; attend, and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality!
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The angel's floating pomp, the ſeraph's glowing grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,

Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays:
Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear,
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth through heav'n's eternal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heavenly throng.
Theſe eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Laſt, man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face;
And, as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
"That I alone of all the hoſt of heav'n,
"Should reign protrectreſs of the godlike youth."
Thus the Almighty ſpake: he ſpake, and call'd me
TRUTH. MASON'S Elfrida.

WAR.

OH whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign!
Roll round again, majeſtic years!
To break fell tyranny's corroding chain,
From wo's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark! from afar what loud tumultuous ſound,
While echoes ſweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!
Murder deep-rous'd, with the wild whirlwind's haſte
And roar of tempeſt, from her cavern ſprings,
Her tangled ſerpents girds around her waiſt,
Smiles ghaſtly-ſtern, and ſhakes her gore-diſtilling wings.

Fierce up the yielding ſkies
The ſhouts redoubling riſe:
Earth ſhudders at the dreadful ſound,
And all is liſt'ning trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Daſh'd furious down in deſperate caſcade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are ſilent at the noiſe.
The mighty ocean's more majeſtic voice
Drown'd in ſuperior din is heard no more;
The ſurge in ſilence ſweeps along the foamy ſhore.

The bloody banner ſtreaming in the air
Seen on yon ſky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
War's dreadful Lord proclaim.
Burſts out by frequent fits th' expanſive flame;
Whirl'd in tempeſtuous eddies flies
The ſurging ſmoke o'er all the darken'd ſkies.
The chearful face of heaven no more is ſeen,
Fades the morn's vivid bluſh to deadly pale,
The bat flits tranſient o'er the duſky green,
Night's ſhrieking birds along the ſullen twilight ſail.

Involv'd in fire-ſtreak'd gloom the car comes on.
The mangled ſteeds grim terror guides.
His forehead writh'd to a relentleſs frown,
Aloft the angry power of battles rides:
Graſp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous deſolates the land;
Thunders the turret down the ſteep,
The mountain ſhrinks before its waſteful ſweep:
Chill horror the diſſolving limbs invades
Smit by the blaſting lightning of his eyes,
A bloated paleneſs beauty's bloom o'erſpreads,
Fades every flow'ry field, and every verdure dies.

How ſtartled Phrenzy ſtares,
Briſtling her ragged hairs!

Revenge the gory fragment gnaws ;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, ſhe rends the opening wound !
Hatred her torch blue-ſtreaming toſſes round ;
The ſhrieks of agony, and clang of arms
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Diſparting from behind the clouds diſcloſe
Of kingly geſture a gigantic form,
That with his ſcourge ſublime directs the whirling ſtorm.

Ambition, outſide fair ! within more foul
Than felleſt fiend from Tartarus ſprung,
In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
Yon naked waſte ſurvey :
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay ;
Where late the roſy-boſom'd Hours
In looſe array danc'd lightly o'er the flowers ;
Where late the ſhepherd told his tender tale ;
And wak'd by the ſoft-murmuring breeze of morn
The voice of chearful Labour fill'd the dale ;
And dove-ey'd Plenty ſmil'd, and wav'd her liberal horn.

Yon ruins ſable from the waſting flame
But mark the once-reſplendent dome ;
The frequent corſe obſtructs the ſullen ſtream,
And ghoſts glare horrid from the ſylvan gloom.

How ſadly-ſilent all!
Save where outſtretch'd beneath yon hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth —
Though vain the muſe, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconſcious of remorſe!
Know, monſter, know, thy hour is on the way,
I ſee, I ſee the years begin their mighty courſe.

BEATTIE.

The DEATH of HECTOR.

In THREE ACTS.

Extracted from Pope's Homer.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MEN.

PRIAM, King of Troy.
HECTOR, ſon to Priam.
PARIS, ſon to Priam, in love with Helen.
GLAUCUS, SARPEDON, } Princes in alliance with Priam.
ACHILLES, the braveſt of the Greeks, in love with Briſeis, a captive lady.
PATROCLUS, friend to Achilles.
AGAMEMNON, general of the Greeks.
AJAX, ANTILOCHUS, NESTOR, } Grecian princes.

WOMEN.

HECUBA, wife to Priam.
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
HELEN, in love with Paris.

CHORUS, and other attendants.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Palace of Priam.

Enter HECTOR, PARIS, *and* HELEN.

HECTOR.

THY hate to Troy, is this the time to ſhow?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece againſt us both conſpire,
Thy cloſe reſentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee the ſoldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And waſteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deſerves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to ſhare?
Riſe, or behold the conqu'ring flames aſcend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

PARIS.

Brother, 'tis juſt. ——
Thy free remonſtrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my abſence leſs, Oh gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conſcious ſhame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother ſat,
And mourn'd in ſecret, his, and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory ſpreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conqueſt to-day my happier ſword may bleſs,
'Tis man's to fight, but heaven's to give ſucceſs.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris ſhall not lag behind.

[*Exit* Paris.

HELEN.

O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd theſe woes, deſerves a ſiſter's name!
Would heaven, ere all theſe dreadful deeds were done,
The day that ſhow'd me to the golden ſun,
Had ſeen my death! why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Heaven fill'd up all my ills, and I accurſt
Bore all, and Paris, of thoſe ills the worſt,
Helen at leaſt a braver ſpouſe might claim,
Warm'd with ſome virtue, ſome regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, ſuſtain'd for Paris' ſake and mine.

HECTOR.

O lovely dame, this time forbids to reſt:
The Trojan bands, by hoſtile fury preſt,
Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my ſoul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.

[*Exit* Helen.

HECTOR *ſolus.*

Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's ſtay;

This day (perhaps the laſt that ſees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear.

[*To the Chorus.*

Say, where's my lovely ſpouſe, my ſoul's deſire!
Whoſe virtues charm me, as her beauties fire.

CHORUS.

To Ilion's ſteepy tower ſhe bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.

[*Exit* Hector.

Troy fled, ſhe heard, before the Grecian ſword;
She heard, and trembled for her abſent lord:
Diſtracted with ſurpriſe, ſhe ſeem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and ſorrow in her eye.
The nurſe attended with her infant boy,
The young Aſtyanax, the hope of Troy.
But ſee. ——

Re-enter HECTOR, *with* ANDROMACHE, *Prince* ASTYANAX, *and other attendants.*

ANDROMACHE.

Too daring prince! ah whither doſt thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and ſon!
And think'ſt thou not how wretched we ſhall be,
A widow I, an helpleſs orphan he!
For ſure ſuch courage length of life denies,
And thou muſt fall, thy virtue's ſacrifice.

HECTOR.

Andromache! my ſoul's far better part,
Why with untimely ſorrows heaves thy heart?
No hoſtile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the ſilent tomb.

ANDROMACHE.

Greece in her ſingle heroes ſtrove in vain;
New hoſts oppoſe thee, and thou muſt be ſlain!
O grant me, gods, ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can aſk of heaven, an early tomb!
So ſhall my days in one ſad tenor run,
And end with ſorrows as they firſt begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to ſhare,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
Yet while my Hector ſtill ſurvives, I ſee
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee!
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will periſh, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger ſhare;
Oh prove a huſband's and a father's care!

HECTOR.

My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My ſoul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremoſt to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

ANDROMACHE.

That quarter moſt, the ſkilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou from this tow'r defend th' important poſt;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful hoſt.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But ſtay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

HECTOR.

How would the ſons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whoſe garments ſweep the ground,
Attaint the luſtre of my former name,
Should Hector baſely quit the field of fame!
No more — but haſten to thy taſks at home,
There guide the ſpindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory ſummons to the martial ſcene,
The field of combat is the ſphere for men.

[*Exit* Andromache.

HECTOR *ſolus.*

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
The day, when thou, imperial Troy! muſt bend,
And ſee thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire preſage ſo wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,

Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gaſping on the ſhore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I ſee thee trembling, weeping, captive led!——
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Preſs'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlaſting ſleep,
Shall neither hear thee ſigh, nor ſee thee weep.

[*Exit* Hector.

CHORUS.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth iſſues Paris from the palace-wall.
* In brazen arms that caſt a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courſer, thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground,
Pamper'd and proud he ſeeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his ſhining ſides;
His head, now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevell'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings exulting to his fields again.
With equal triumph, ſprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The ſon of Priam, glorying in his might,
Springs forth with Hector to the fields of fight.

* In brazen arms, and glorying in his might,
He ſprings with Hector to the fields of fight.

ACT I. SCENE II.

SCENE, *the* SEA-SHORE.

CHORUS.

THE hoſts ruſh on; loud clamours ſhake the ſhore,
The horſes thunder; earth and ocean roar.
Firſt of the foe great Hector tow'rs along,
With terrors cloth'd, and more than mortal ſtrong.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vaſt mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow,
Like fiery meteors, his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly,
The ſhore is heap'd with death, and tumults rend the ſky.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX.

Oh friends! Oh Greeks! reſpect your former fame,
Reſpect yourſelves, and learn an honeſt ſhame;
On valour's ſide the odds of combat lie;
The brave live glorious or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the fields of fame,
Meets death, and worſe than death, eternal ſhame.

[*Exit.*

CHORUS.

The war renews; mix'd ſhouts and groans ariſe,
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the ſkies;
The faulchions ring, ſhields rattle, axes ſound,
Swords flaſh in air, or glitter on the ground;
With ſtreaming blood, the ſlippery ſhores are dy'd,
And ſlaughter'd heroes ſwell the dreadful tide.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

O firſt of friends! Achilles' higheſt pride!
Still at my heart, and ever at my ſide;
Go now to Neſtor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought.
[*Exit* Patroclus.

ACHILLES *ſolus.*

The time is come when yon deſpairing hoſt
Shall learn the value of the man they loſt. [*Exit.*

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR.

Advance ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haſte to the fleet, and toſs your flaming brands!
" This happy day with acclamations greet,
" Bright with deſtruction of yon hoſtile fleet."
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms. [*Exit.*

CHORUS.

Around the ſhips ſeas hanging on the ſhore,
The armies fight; earth thunders, ocean roars;
Not half ſo loud the bellowing deeps reſound,
When ſtormy winds diſcloſe the dark profound;
Leſs loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountains, and its ſhades devour.
With ſuch a rage the meeting hoſts are driven,
And ſuch a clamour ſhakes the ſounding heav'n.

Enter PATROCLUS *and* NESTOR.

PATROCLUS.

'Tis now no ſeaſon for thy kind delays,
For great Achilles with impatience ſtays.
To great Achilles this reſpect I owe,
Who aſks what hero wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming ſteeds?
With grief I ſee the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report my haſty courſe I bend;
Thou knoweſt the fiery temper of my friend.

NESTOR.

Seeks he the ſorrows of our hoſt to know?
This is not half the ſtory of our wo.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone;
Our braveſt heroes in the navy groan.

Even Jove from Ida's top his horrors ſpreads,
The clouds burſt dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick lightnings flaſh, the muttering thunder rolls.
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.
Before his wrath the trembling hoſts retire,
The god in terrors, and the ſkies on fire.

PATROCLUS.

Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witneſs of this ſcene of wo.
I haſte to urge him, by his country's care,
To riſe in arms, and ſhine again in war.
Perhaps ſome fav'ring god his ſoul may bend;
The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

NESTOR.

Oh! try the utmoſt that a friend can ſay;
Such gentle force the fierceſt minds obey.

[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

Mark how this way the Grecian ſquadrons yield,
The ſtorm rolls on, and Hector rules the field.
Girt in ſurrounding flames he ſeems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and burſts upon them all;
Burſts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And ſwell'd with tempeſts on the ſhips deſcends:
White are the decks with foam, the winds aloud,
Howl o'er the maſts, and ſing thro' ev'ry ſhroud;

Pale, trembling, tir'd the ſailors freeze with fears,
And inſtant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief ſo thunders, and ſo ſhakes the fleet.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once ſons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This ſpot is all you have to loſe or keep;
There ſtand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'Tis hoſtile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence; your fates are in your hands.

SCENE II.

The tent of Achilles.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* PATROCLUS *in tears.*

ACHILLES.

Patroclus, ſay, what grief thy boſom bears,
That flows ſo faſt in theſe unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant, whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breaſt, with fonder paſſion weeps;

Not more the mother's ſoul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou haſt mine! Oh tell me to what end
Thy melting ſorrows thus purſue thy friend?

PATROCLUS.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breaſt,
Thyſelf a Greek; and once of Greeks the beſt!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
Riſe to redeem; ah! yet to conquer riſe.

ACHILLES.

For thankleſs Greece ſtrange hardſhips have I brav'd,
Her wives and infants by my labour ſav'd,
Long ſleepleſs nights in heavy arms I ſtood,
And ſweat laborious days in duſt and blood.
Theſe toils undaunted in their cauſe I bore,
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.

PATROCLUS.

May never rage like thine my ſoul enſlave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country ſlighted in her laſt diſtreſs,
What friend, what man, from thee ſhall hope redreſs?
No — men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curſe that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

ACHILLES.

My wrongs, my wrongs, my conſtant thought engage,
And baſe Atrides fills my ſoul with rage.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day:
'Tis juſt reſentment, and becomes the brave,
Diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd, like the meaneſt ſlave.
For Greece I feel; but at the tyrant's name,
My rage rekindles, and my ſoul's on flame.

PATROCLUS.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But ſure thou ſpring'ſt not from a ſoft embrace!
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging ſeas produc'd thee in a ſtorm;
A ſoul well ſuiting that tempeſtuous kind,
So rough thy manners, ſo untam'd thy mind.
Stern and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement we remit the deed.
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives;
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives;
The haughtieſt hearts at length their rage reſign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry ſoul but thine;
The gods that unrelenting breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman ſlave was raviſh'd from thy arms,
Lo! ſeven are offer'd, and of equal charms.

ACHILLES.

What to theſe ſhores th' aſſembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cauſe?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face,
Belov'd by none, but thoſe of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and paſſion doth approve,
Sure ev'ry wiſe and worthy man will love;
Nor did my fair one leſs diſtinction claim;
Slave as ſhe was, my ſoul ador'd the dame.

PATROCLUS.

Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage reſign'd,
A cruel heart ill ſuits a manly mind.
Return, Achilles! Oh return tho' late,
To ſave thy Greeks, and ſtop the courſe of fate;
If not — on Greece ſome comfort yet may ſhine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line.
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and deſert the war.

CHORUS.

The Trojan chief reſiſtleſs in his courſe,
Still ſeems a match for more than mortal force;
The fleet he fires, the curling volumes riſe,
And ſheets of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies.

ACHILLES.

Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms,
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:

Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go ſave the fleets, and conquer in my right.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who truſts his fame and honour in thy hand;
Rage uncontroll'd through all the hoſtile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Tho' Jove in thunder ſhould command the war,
Be juſt, conſult my glory, and forbear.

[*Exit* Patroclus.

ACHILLES *ſolus.*

Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The beſt, the deareſt of my friends I yield;
Guard him, ye gods, with providential care;
Confirm his heart, and ſtring his arm to war:
Preſs'd by his ſingle force, let Hector ſee,
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are ſav'd from foes and fire,
Let him with conqueſt and renown retire;
Preſerve his arms, preſerve his ſocial train,
And ſafe return him to theſe eyes again.

[*Exit* Achilles.

CHORUS.

Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
And from the half-burnt ſhips proud Troy retires.
Loud o'er the rout is heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickeſt die,

Where horſe, and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
Vain is his friend's command, his courage vain,
Againſt what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain;
For ſee, arreſted with a mortal wound,
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms reſound.

Enter HECTOR.

HECTOR.

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee the joy
Thy pride once promis'd, of ſubverting Troy;
The fancy'd ſcenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy ſoft pleaſures ſerv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought thoſe tow'rs to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee.

PATROCLUS.

Mark, thou imperious! hear my lateſt breath;
The gods inſpire it, and it ſounds thy death.
Inſulting man, thou ſhalt be ſoon as I;
Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's laſt verge I ſee thee ſtand,
I ſee thee fall — and by Achilles' hand.

[*Dies.*

HECTOR.

From whence this boding ſpeech, this ſtern decree,
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance, who knows the will of heav'n?

[*Exit.*

Enter AJAX, AGAMEMNON, *and* ANTILOCHUS.

AJAX.

O chiefs! O princes! to whoſe hands are giv'n,
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from heav'n;
Come all, let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

AGAMEMNON.

Fly to the fleet, Antilochus, and tell
The ſad Achilles how his lov'd one fell;
He too may haſte the naked corſe to gain,
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.

[*Exit* Antilochus.

CHORUS.

Fierce as conflicting fires the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns;
In one thick darkneſs all the fight is loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ethereal hoſt,
Seem as extinct day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heaven's ſplendors blotted from the ſkies.

SCENE IV.

The tent of Achilles.

Enter ANTILOCHUS.

ANTILOCHUS.

Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I th' unwilling meſſenger!
Dead is Patroclus! for his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe; his arms are Hector's right.

ACHILLES.

Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt — I quell it; I reſign to fate.
Yes — I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or, if the gods ordain it, meet my end.
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow dame to tear,
With frantic hands, her long diſhevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I ſhall give the fair theſe mournful charms —
In vain you hold me — Hence! my arms, my arms!

CHORUS.

Grief and revenge Achilles' heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay,
O'erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Near the walls of Troy.

CHORUS.

STraight to the city terrible and ſtrong,
With haughty ſteps Achilles tow'rs along,
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
Priam beholds the blaze. In tears the ſage
Now ſtrikes his rev'rend head grown white with age.
He lifts his wither'd arms, obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries.
With him the mournful mother bears a part;
Yet all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart;
For he, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war.
See the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
His ſon adjuring with extended hands.

PRIAM.

Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone,
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt, braveſt ſon!
Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Yet ſhun Achilles; enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!

Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curs'd with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain;
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal-bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps even I, reſerv'd by angry fate,
The laſt ſad relic of my ruin'd ſtate,
(Dire pomp of ſovereign wretchedneſs!), muſt fall,
And ſtain the pavement of my regal hall,
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA.

Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
Or ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
Ah, do not thus our helpleſs years forego!
But by our walls ſecur'd repel the foe.
Againſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
Shouldſt thou (but heav'n avert it!) ſhouldſt thou bleed,

Nor muſt thy corpſe be honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe, nor mother grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.

CHORUS.

See where he ſtands, and with a fiery glance,
Expects the hero's terrible advance;
Who, cloth'd in armour of Vulcanian frame,
Moves awful on; his figure ſeems on flame.

HECTOR *ſolus.*

Where lies my way? to enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall.
Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt her worthleſs ſons invade my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No — if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:
Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall,
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
War is our buſ'neſs; but to whom is given
To die or triumph, that determine heaven!

[*Exit* Hector.

CHORUS.

Like to a god the mighty Greek draws nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodding from on high;

All who behold the living lightnings play,
Quick turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe;
Struck by ſome god, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Enter HECTOR *and* ACHILLES.

HECTOR.

Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.
But now ſome god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day;
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate.
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life;
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corſe purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conq'ror's due.)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.

ACHILLES.

Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:

Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

HECTOR.

Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt.
But firſt try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

[*They fight. Hector falls.*

ACHILLES.

At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.

HECTOR.

Now, thou haſt brought me to the verge of death,
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of prayer!
Ah! leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſooth a father's and a mother's wo;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.

ACHILLES.

Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

HECTOR.

The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think — a day will come, when fates decree,
And angry gods, — ſhall wreak this wrong on thee.

[*Dies.*

ACHILLES.

Die thou the firſt! when Jove and heaven ordain,
I follow thee — mean time I'll ſtrip thee ſlain!
Then at my chariot drag thee o'er the plain.

CHORUS.

Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long deſcending hair,
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!
Given to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parents ſight, now dragg'd along.
With piercing cries his fate the mother moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſp'rate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of wo.

Enter PRIAM.

PRIAM.

Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk ye none),
And bow before the murd'rer of my ſon.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One not exempt from age and miſery.

How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector, laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave!)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave,

Enter HECUBA.

HECUBA.

Ah! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
Oh Hector, late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety, and her fame ſhe ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her god!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!

Enter ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain.
[*Liſtening.*
Ah! follow me, ye maids; what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear, 'tis ſure my mother's voice.
[*Exit running.*

CHORUS.

Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Around, a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of life recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

Enter ANDROMACHE.

ANDROMACHE.

Would I had never been!—O thou the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
No more to ſmile upon his fire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears!

The Redemption of the Body of Hector.

In Three Scenes.

Persons of the Drama.

M E N.

Priam, King of Troy.
Achilles, the moſt valiant of the Greeks.

W O M E N.

Hecuba, wife of Priam.
Andromache, wife of Hector.
Helen, in love with Paris.
Caſſandra, daughter of Priam.
Chorus, and other attendants.

Scene I. The Palace of Priam.

Enter Priam *and* Hecuba.

PRIAM

UNhappy conſort of a king diſtreſs'd!
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corſe of Hector, at yon navy ſlain.

Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.

HECUBA.

Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind?
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(O heart of ſteel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands, yet red with noble Hector's gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to ſpare;
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fallen! to calm his rage,
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No — pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.

PRIAM.

Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content —— By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!

HECUBA.

Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heaven, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign;

Pray to that god, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below. ——

PRIAM.

Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.

CHORUS.

Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprings;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rings,
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts: Idacus holds the rein:
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to fate.

SCENE II. The tent of Achilles.

Enter PRIAM.

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him, helpleſs, from his peaceful ſtate:

Think, from ſome powerful foe thou ſeeſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain;
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race, ere Greece to Ilion came!
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame:
Nineteen one mother bore! — Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy! in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear;
O hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

ACHILLES.

Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs through foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not; man is born to bear.

Such is, alas! the gods ſevere decree:
They, only they are bleſs'd, and only free.

PRIAM.

Here let me grow to earth, ſince Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obſequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs, and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched; there, he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my childrens murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore.

ACHILLES.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lie unwept and uninterr'd.
Soon ſhall thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.
For ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The fight is granted to thy longing eyes.
Then ſay with ſpeed if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd: what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? for ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arms, and bid the hoſts obey.

PRIAM.

Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt:
The next to raiſe his monument be giv'n:
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!

ACHILLES *ſolus.*

If, in that gloom, which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Reſtoring Hector) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.

SCENE III.

CASSANDRA.

Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common wo.

CHORUS.

In every face heart-rending grief is ſhown,
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan:
At Scæa's gate they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.

The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair.

Enter the body of HECTOR, *with* PRIAM, HECUBA, HELEN, ANDROMACHE, *Prince* ASTYANAX, *and other attendants.*

ANDROMACHE.

Alas, my lord! thou canſt not hear my cries!
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
Thou too, my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's wo.
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain!)
Shall ſink a ſmoking ruin on the plain.
Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou wouldſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear.

HECUBA.

O thou the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals even in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free, and a hero to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,

(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain),
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Oh! in Achilles' blood might I allay
My rage, and this barbarity repay!
For, ah! could Hector merit thus? whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.

HELEN.

Ah deareſt friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind;
Now twice ten years (unhappy years!) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(O had I periſh'd, ere that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'reſs of their wo,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow.
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!

PRIAM.

Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre:
Twelve days nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

CORRIGENDA.

Pag.	*Line.*	
2.	7.	*for* flow *read* glow
7.	6.	*for* the *read* their
18.	13.	*for* tyes *read* dyes
22.	3.	*for* chain *read* charm
24.	16.	*for* once *read* one's
51.	*ult.*	*for* friend *read* fiend
53.	8.	*for* poets *read* parts
58.	14.	*for* pierce *read* piece
59.	*penult.*	*read* kind office
61.	*penult.*	*read* all nature

Miss Crow

